

THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM
THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVEN'S
LAST EDITION,
WITH
A SELECTION
OF
THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME VI.

CONTAINING:
TAMING OF THE SHREW.
WINTER'S TALE.

LONDON:
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1826.

THE HISTORY OF THE

T A M I N G

OF THE

S H R E W.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.

Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker,
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen,
and other servants attending on the Lord.

} Persons in
the Induc-
tion,

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.

Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.

Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to
Katharina.

Gremio, }
Hortensio, } Suitors to Bianca.

Tranio, }
Biondello, } Servants to Lucentio.

Grumio, }
Curtis, } Servants to Petruchio.

Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

Katharina, the Shrew; }
Bianca, her sister, } Daughters to Baptista.
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending
on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in
Petruchio's House in the Country.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy; -- Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough. [Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground and falls asleep.]

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsmen, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman, — the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach,
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge' corner in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth
he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord: Were he not warm'd
with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he
lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. —
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he
wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless
fancy,

Then take him up, and manage well the jest: —
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say, — What is it your Honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say, — Will't please your Lordship cool your
hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him, that he hath been a lunatick;
And, when he says he is —, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

Hun. My Lord, I warrant you, we'll play our
part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes. —

[*Some bear out S L Y. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds: —

[*Exit Servant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here. —

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An it please your Honour,
Players that offer service to your Lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 Play. We thank your Honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your Lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. — This fellow I re-
member,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son; —

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 Play. I think, 'twas Soto that your Honour means,

Lord. 'Tis very true; — thou didst it excellent. —

Well, you are come to me in happy time;

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

But I am doubtful of your modesties;

Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,

(For yet his Honour never heard a play,)

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him; for I tell you, Sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 Play. Fear not, my Lord; we can contain our-
selves,

Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendl welcome every one;

Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[*Exeunt* Servant and Players.

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

[*To a Servant.*

And see him drefs'd in all suits like a lady :

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,

And call him — Madam, do him obeisance.

Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,))

He bear himself with honourable action,

Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies

Unto their lords, by them accomplished :

Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;

And say, — What is't your Honour will command,

Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,

May show her duty, and make known her love ?

And then — with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom, —

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd

To see her noble lord restor'd to health,

Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :

And if the boy have not a woman's gift,

To rain a shower of commanded tears,

An onion will do well for such a shift ;

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,

Shall in despite enforce a watry eye.

See this despatch'd with all the haste thou can'st ;

Anon I'll give thee more instructions. —

[*Exit* Servant.

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,

Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :

I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband ;

And how my men will stay themselves from laughter

When they do homage to this simple peasant.

I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence

May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

SLY is discovered in a rich night gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dress'd like a servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your Lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your Honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your Honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—Honour, nor Lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your Honour!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by trans-

mutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the far ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's —

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:

Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick! hark! Apollo plays,

[*Musick.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground;

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are
as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid;

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny
wood;

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears, that she hath shed for
thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things: —
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly. —
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o'the smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will't please your Mightiness to wash
your hands?

[*Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Serv. O, yes, my Lord; but very idle words: —

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
 Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
 And rail upon the hostess of the house;
 And say, you would present her at the leet,
 Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts;
 Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, Sir, you know no house, nor no
 such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up, —
 As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
 And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
 And twenty more such names and men as these,
 Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble Lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
 Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble Lord; What is thy will with
 her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me —
 husband?

My men should call me — Lord; I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and
 husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: — What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce Madam, or Joan Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call
 ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd
and slept
Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much; — Servants, leave me and her
alone. —

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble Lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have exprefsly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so
long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams
again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh
and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Honour's players, hearing your amend-
ment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a
commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling
trick?

Page. No, my good Lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What houshold stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll seet: Come, Madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. [*They sit down.*]

ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO,

Luc. Tranio, since — for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts, —
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world.
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle Master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;

Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
 Only, good Master, while we do admire
 This virtue, and this moral discipline,
 Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
 As Ovid be an out-cast quite abjur'd:
 Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
 And practice rhetorick in your common talk;
 Musick and poesy use, to quicken you;
 The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
 Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
 No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en; —
 In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
 If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness;
 And take a lodging, fit to entertain
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA,
 GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and*
 TRANIO *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, impórtune me no further,
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
 That is, — not to bestow my youngest daughter,
 Before I have a husband for the elder:
 If either of you both love Katharina,
 Because I know you well, and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me: —
 There, there Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, Sir, [*To BAP.*] is it your will
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, Master! here is some good pastime
toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, Master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, — Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye, — and she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent. —
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva
speak. [Aside.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd: —
Go in, Bianca. [Exit BIANCA.]

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. — If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, — know any such,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.]

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too, May
I not?

What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!
[Exit.]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your
gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Their
love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow
our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's
dough on both sides. Farewell: — Yet, for the
love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means
light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she
delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: But a word, I
pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never
brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth
us both, — that we may yet again have access to
our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's
love, — to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio,
though

though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, — to be whipp'd at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, — till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. — Sweet Bianca! — Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt GREMIO, and HORTENSIO.*]

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, Sir, tell me, — Is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood idly looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee, —
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was, —
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me Tranio, for I know thou canst;

Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:

If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so, —
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her
sister

Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, Sir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it
stands: —

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, Sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Bet our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me time first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done.

Tra. Not possible; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus; —
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa. —
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: — Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief, Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio.
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave to atchieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. — Sirrah, where have you
been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where
are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I, Sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would, I were so too!

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next
wish after, —

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, — not for my sake, but your master's, —
I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of com-
panies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: —

One thing more rests, that thyself execute; —
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me
why, —

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*

1 Serv. My Lord, you nod: you do not mind the
play.

Sly. *Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely; Comes there any more of it?*

Page. *My Lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady; 'Would it were done!*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Hortensio's House.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house: —
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, Sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man has rebus'd your Worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I,
Sir, that I should knock you here, Sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should
knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.]

Gru. Help, Masters, help? my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter? — My old
friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! —
How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato Signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.
 — If this be not a lawful case for me to leave his
 service, — Look you, Sir, — he bid me knock him,
 and rap him soundly, Sir: Well, was it fit for a Ser-
 vant to use his master so; being perhaps, (for aught
 I see,) two and thirty, — a pip out?

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
 Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! — Good Hortensio,
 I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
 And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? — O heavens! —
 Spake you not these words plain, — *Sirrah, knock*
me here,
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me
soundly?

And come you now with — knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
 Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
 Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
 And tell me now, sweet friend, — what happy gale
 Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona!

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through
 the world,
 To seek their fortunes further than at home,
 Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
 Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: —
 Antonio, my father, is deceas'd:
 And I have thrust myself into this maze,
 Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill favour'd wife?
Thoud'st thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: — but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sybil and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not: or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me; were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatick seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry
him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot
with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as
many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing
comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)
Is, — that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect: —

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is, Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well: —
I will not sleep, Hortensia, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, — an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: You know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her witholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en; —

That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a school-master
Well seen in musick, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO: with him LUCENTIO disguised,
with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!
Master, Master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love —
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, Sir; I'll have them very fairly bound
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: — Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess: — Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum! — God save you, Signior
Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you,

Whither I am going? — To Baptista Minola,
I promis'd to enquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,

And other books, — good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me, — and that my deeds shall
prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well: —
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, Masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;

And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, Sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange:

But, if you have a stomach, to't o'God's name;

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

[*Aside.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;

That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,

As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

[*Aside.*

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

[*Aside.*

*Enter TRANIO, bravely apparell'd; and
BIONDELLO.*

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters: — is't
[*Aside to TRANIO.*] he you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, Sir; You mean not her to —

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, Sir; What have you
to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, Sir: — Biondello, set's
away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [Aside.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go; —

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be; Sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get
you hence.

Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know, —
That she's the choice of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my Masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right, — hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove
a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, Sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth; —
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, Sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat, —
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, — whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law, —
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's
begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so; —
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben-venuto*, [Exeunt.]

ACT II SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds, —
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders,

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest; Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[Strikes her.]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, Dame! whence grows this
insolence? —

Bianca, stand aside; — poor girl! she weeps: —
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her. —
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after* BIANCA.

Bap. What, in my sight? — Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit* BIANCA.

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit* KATHARINA.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here!

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a
mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a
musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing
a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save
you, Gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good Sir! Pray, have you not a
daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it oderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me
leave. —

I am a gentleman of Verona, Sir,
That, — hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour, —
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting HORTENSIO.*

Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences.

Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;

His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, Sir; and he, for your good
sake:

But for my daughter Katharine, — this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his
sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain
be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir; but you will curse your
wooing. —

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of
it. To express the like kindness myself, that have
been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely
give unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting LU-
CENTIO,*] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as
cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as
the other in musick and mathematicks: his name is
Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio: wel-
come,

come, good Cambio. — But, gentle Sir, [*To TRAN-
NIO.*] methinks, you walk like a stranger; May I be
so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request, —
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, Sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, Sir. —
Take you [*To HOR.*] the lute, and you [*To LUC.*]
the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within! —

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO,
and BIONDELLO.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
 And every day I cannot come to woo.
 You knew my father well; and in him, me,
 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
 Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
 Then tell me, — if I get your daughter's love,
 What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
 And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
 Her widowhood, — be it that she survive me, —
 In all my lands and leases whatsoever:

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
 That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
 This is, — her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
 I am as peremptory as she proud minded;
 And where two raging fires meet together,
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
 Though little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
 So I to her, and so she yields to me;
 For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy
 speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
 That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look
 so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good mu-
 sician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to
the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with*
them:

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me, — rascal fiddler,
And — twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discom-
fited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns. —
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here, —

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, and
HORTENSIO.]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say — she uttereth piercing eloquence:
 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
 As though she bid me stay by her a week;
 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the banns, and when be married: —
 But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard
 of hearing;

They call me — Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
 Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
 For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation; —
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,) —
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd
 you hither,
 Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
 You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, Sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee:
 For, knowing thee to be but young and light, —

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
 And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [Striking him.

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour,

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command,

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
 Thus in plain terms: — Your father hath consented
 That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
 And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
 (Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
 Thou must be married to no man but me:
 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
 And bring you from a wild Cat to a Kate
 Conformable, as other houshold Kates.
 Here comes your father; never make denial,
 I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
 Signior Petruchio: How speed you with
 My daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
 It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in
 your dumps?

Kath. Call you me, daughter? now, I promise you,
 You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
 To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
 A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus, — yourself and all the world,
 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
 If she be curst, it is for policy:
 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
 And to conclude, — we have 'greed so well together,
 That upon sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, Gentlemen; I choose her for myself; If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you? 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone, That she shall still be curst in company. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate! — She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath, That in a twink she won me to her love. O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see, How tame, when men and women are alone, A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew. — Give me thy hand, Kate, I will unto Venice, To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day: — Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests; I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands; God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match,

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu; I will to Venice, sunday comes apace: — We will have rings, and things, and fine array; And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' sunday.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE, severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, Gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you: 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is — quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter; —
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth; in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, Gentlemen; I'll compound this
strife:

'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love. —

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine,

Tra. That, only, came well in — Sir, list to me,

I am my father's heir, and only son:
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure. —
 What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
 My land amounts not to so much in all:
 That she shall have; besides an argosy,
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road: —
 What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio; 'tis known, my father hath no less
 Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
 And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
 And she can have no more than all I have; —
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
 By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
 And, let your father make her the assurance,
 She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
 If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, Gentlemen,
 I am thus resolv'd; — On sunday next you know,
 My daughter Katharine is to be married:
 Now, on the sunday following, shall Bianca
 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
 If not, to Signior Gremio:
 And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

{Exit.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. — Now I fear
thee not;

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table! Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good: —

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd — suppos'd Vincentio;

And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,

Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:

I am no breeching scholar in the schools;

I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,

But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And to cut off all strife, here sit we down: —

Take you your instrument, play you the while;

His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To BIANCA.* — *HORTENSIO retires.*

Luc. That will be never; tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, Madam: —

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before, — *Simois*,
I am Lucentio, — *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of
Pisa, — *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your
love; — *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes
a wooing, — *Priami*, is my man Tranio, — *regia*,
bearing my port, — *celsa senis*, that we might be-
guile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear: — [*HORTENSIO plays.*

O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac
ibat Simois*, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia tellus*,
I trust you not; — *Hic steterat Priami*, take heed
he hear us not; — *regia*, presume not; — *celsa se-
nis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Acacides*
Was *Ajax*, — call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest. — Now, *Licio*, to you: —

Good Masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*To LUCENTIO.*] and give
me leave awhile;

My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of *Hortensio*.

Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut I am; the ground of all
accord;

A re, to plead *Hortensio's* passion;
B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,
C fant, that loves with all affection:
D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;
E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this — gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays your leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet Masters, both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant,*

Luc. 'Faith, Mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
[*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love: —
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Baptista's House.

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA,
BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*To TRANIO.*] this is the
pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be
forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
 And, to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
 Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
 And say, — *Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would, Katharine had never seen him
 though!

(Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA, and Others.)

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
 For such an injury would vex a saint,
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bian. Master, Master! news, old news, and such
 news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's
 coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you
 there.

Tra. But, say, what: — To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat,

and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candlecases, one buckled, another laced; and old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: His horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots: sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shot-ten; ne'er-legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, Sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion; —

Yet often times he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howso'er he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion.

Bion. No, Sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride? —
How does my father? — Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress,
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Pap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done
with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO and BIONDELLO.]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*]

Tra. But, Sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your Worship,
I am to get a man, — whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn, —
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say — no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:

We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
 The narrow-prying father, Minola;
 The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
 All for my master's sake, Lucentio. —

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio; When the priest
 Should ask — if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud,
 That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
 And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
 The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
 That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list*.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd,
 and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
 But after many ceremonies done,
 He calls for wine: — *A health*, quoth he; as if
 He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
 After a storm: — Quaff'd off the muscadel,
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
 Having no other reason, —
 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck;
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
 That, at the parting all the church did echo.
 I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
 And, after me, I know, the rout is coming:
 Such a mad marriage never was before:
 Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [Musick.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
 TA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
 pains:

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Pap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come: —
 Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be,

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gr. Ay, Sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, Sir, there lies your way,¹
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I please myself: —
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; prythee, be not angry,

Kath. I will be angry; What hast thou to do? —
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, Sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner: —
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command: —
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, — or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing:
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. — Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress if thou be a man: —
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, and GUMIOR.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast; —

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. — Come, Gentlemen let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: — But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I prythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching: —

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment.

on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [Striking him.

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knook at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress: —

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: — But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd — that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; — with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk

I of this? — call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curt'sy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you; — how now, you; — what, you; — fellow, you; — and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not, — Cock's passion, silence! — I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man to door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? —

All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir! here, Sir! here, Sir! here, Sir! —
You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty? —

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, Sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whorson malthorse
drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory,

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. —

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Where the life that late I led [Sings.

Where are those — Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say? — Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey, [Sings.

As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other. —

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate: — Some water, here; what ho! —

Where's my spaniel Troilus? — Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither: —

[*Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with. —

Where are my slippers? — Shall I have some water?

[*A bason is presented to him.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily: —

[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whorson, beetleheaded, flapear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach,
Will you give thanks sweet Kate; or else shall I? —
What is this? mutton?

1 Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these? — Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, etc. about the stage.*

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast, —
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick, —
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company: —

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My faulcon now is sharp, and passing empty;

And, till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come, and know her keeper's call;

That is, — to watch her, as we watch these kites,

That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;

Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed;

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets: —

Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,

That all is done in reverend care of her;

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:

And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brayl,

And with the clamour keep her still awake.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:—
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak; 'tis charity, to show. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
 I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
 [They stand aside.

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, Mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, Master, read you? first, resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my
 heard. [They retire.

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
 You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
 Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
 I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
 Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
 But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
 For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
 And makes a god of such a cullion:
 Know, Sir, that I am call'd — Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
 Of your entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, — if you be so contented, —
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! — Signior
Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow —
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath, —
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite
forsworn!

For me, — that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio, —
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: — and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HORTENSIO.* — LUCENTIO and BIANCA
advance.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have taken you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both for-
sworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. Ifaith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, Mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long, —
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O Master, Master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir!

Tra. And you, Sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?

Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, Sir? — marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, Sir! how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alás, Sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you; —
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, Sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and
all one. [*Aside.*

Tra. To save your life in his extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd; —
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, Sir; — so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This,

This, by the way, I let you understand; —
 My father is here look'd for every day,
 To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
 Go with me, Sir, to clothe you as becomes you.
 (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forfooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
 appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?
 Beggars, that come unto my father's door;
 Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
 But I, — who never knew how to entreat,
 Nor never needed that I should entreat, —
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love;
 As who should say, — if I should sleep, or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death. —
 I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat:
 How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the
mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*

That feed'st me with the very name of meat;

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, with a dish of meat; and
HORTENSIO.*

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all
amort?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[*Sets the dish on a table.*

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof: —

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, Sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame:
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.
[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your Worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish; fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demicannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an appletart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:

Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time,
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your Worship means to make a
puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your Worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men;
brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved.
I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown;
but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou
liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to
testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,
sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death
with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compass'd cape;*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve;*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i'the bill, Sir; error i'the bill, I com-
manded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up
again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy
little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete - yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God - a - mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, Sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use!

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid: —
[*Aside.*

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to - morrow. Take no unkindness of his hasty words: Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:

And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith.
 To feast and sport us at thy father's house. —
 Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot. —
 Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
 And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two;
 And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
 Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
 You are still crossing it. — Sirs, let's alone:
 I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like
VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; Please it you, that
 I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
 Signior Baptista may remember me,
 Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
 We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well;
 And hold your own, in any case, with such
 Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, Sir, here comes your boy;
 'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista; — set your countenance, Sir. —

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met: —

Sir, [*To the Pedant.*]

This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son! —

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, — for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, — to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, — if you please to like
No worse than I, Sir, — upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say; —
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:

And, therefore, if you say no more than this, —
 That like a father you will deal with him,
 And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
 The match is fully made, and all is done:
 Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know
 best,

We be affied; and such assurance ta'en,
 As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
 Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
 Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
 And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir:
 There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
 We'll pass the business privately and well:
 Send for your daughter by your servant here,
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
 The worst is this, — that, at so slender warning,
 You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well: — Cambio, hie you home,
 And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
 And, if you will, tell what hath happened: —
 Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
 Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
 Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
 Come, Sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

(*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.)

Bion. Cambio. —

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then? —

Bion. The old priest at saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church; — take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, Sir; and so adieu, Sir. My master hath appointed me to go to saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her; It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

A public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright,

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house: —

Go on, and fetch our horses back again. —

Evermore crost, and crost; nothing but crost!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun: —
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl
— should run,

And not unluckily against the bias. —

But soft? what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good-morrow, gentle Mistress: Where away? —

[To VINCENTIO.

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks?

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face? —

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee: —

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whither away; or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That every thing I look on seemeth green:

Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,

We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, — and you my merry Mistress,

That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;

My name is call'd — Vincentio; my dwelling — Pisa;

And bound I am to Padua; there to visit

A son of mine, which long I have not seen,

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee — my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hercof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and
VINCENTIO.]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Padua. Before Lucentio's House.

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA; GREMIO walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, Sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[Exeunt LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.]

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more toward the marketplace; Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go; I think, I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. *[Knocks.]*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was belov'd in Padua. — Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous cir-

cumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him,

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, Sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentleman! [*To VINCEN.*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping! — But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing BIOND.*

Bion. I hope, I may choose, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, Sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? (*Beats BIONDELLO.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. (*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

(*Exit, from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. (*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir? nay, what are you, Sir? — O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! — O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, Sir; you mistake, Sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is — Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! — Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name: — O, my son, my son! — tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: (*Enter one with an Officer.*) carry this mad knave to the gaol: — Father Baptista, I charge you, see, that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be conney-catch'd in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if you dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd: —
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and — Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling.]

Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [Kneeling.]

Bap. How hast thou offended? —
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss: —
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear Sir? [*To LUCENTIO.*] Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

Gre. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest; Out of hope of all, — but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, Sir; God forbid: but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: — Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? — Come, my sweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Lucentio's House.

A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and Others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree; And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown. — My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,

While I with self-same kindness welcome thine: —
 Brother Petruchio, — sister Katharina, —
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
 After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;
 For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[They sit at table.]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Pap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were
 true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeared.

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense;
 I mean, Hortensio is afeared of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! — How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good
 widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:
 I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
 Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
 And now you know my meaning,

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my offic.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: — Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt: an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep
again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow: —
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me. — Here, Signior
Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, Sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess; hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say — no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content; — What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns,

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go,
Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [Exit BIONDELLO.

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she needs must come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd!

*Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me.* [*Exit GRUMIO.*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder, what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.
See, where she comes; and brings your froward
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. —

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA pulls off her cap and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty,

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall; — and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience; —

Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
 And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And, not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord? —
 I am asham'd, that women are so simple
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey,
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
 But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
 But now, I see our lances are but straws;
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare, —
 That seeming to be most, which we least are.
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot:
 And place your hands below your husband's foot:
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! — Come on, and kiss
 me Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt
 ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are to-
 ward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are fro-
 ward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed: —
 We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[To LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

(*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst
shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be
tam'd so. (*Exeunt.*

WINTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Leontes, *King of Sicilia.*

Mamillius, *his son.*

Camillo,

Antigonus,

Cleomenes,

Dion,

} *Sicilian Lords,*

} *Another Sicilian Lord.*

Rogero, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

Polixenes, *King of Bohemia:*

Florizel, *his son.*

Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*

A Mariner.

Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita:

Clown, his Son.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

Autolycus, *a Rogue.*

Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*

Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*

Emilia, *a Lady,*

Two other Ladies, } *attending the Queen.*

Mopsa, }

Dorcas, } *Shepherdesses.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, etc.

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

W I N T E R' S T A L E.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO, and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed, —

Cam. 'Beseech you, —

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. — We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me. I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in
that

I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the
world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now;

Were there necessity in your request, although
 'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
 Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
 Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
 To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
 Farewel, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to have held my peace,
 until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, Sir,
 Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
 All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
 The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
 He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
 But let him say so then, and let him go;
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs. —
 Yet of your royal presence [*To POLIXENES.*] I'll
 adventure

To borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
 You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
 To let him there a month, behind the gest
 Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed, Leontes,
 I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
 What lady she her lord. — You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madam,

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,
 Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
 oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
 You shall not go; a lady's verily is

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, Madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were
boys;

You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day.
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my Lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk
i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;

Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!

Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your Queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my Lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't
before?

I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongue-
less,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages; You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre, But to the goal; —
My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed. —

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aside.*

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me: — my heart dances;
But not for joy, — not joy. — This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling plams, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking glass; — and then to sigh, as'twere
The mort o'the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows. — Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leon. I'fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy
nose? —

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, Captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captain;
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat. — Still virginalling

[*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*

Upon his palm? — How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have,

To be full like me: — yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As o'er-died blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes

No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me. — Come, Sir Page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye: Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! — Can thy dam? — may't
be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the center:
Thou dost make possible, things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams; — (How can this be?) —
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission; and I find it,) —
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my Lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my Lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest. —
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! [*Aside.*] — Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman: — Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole! —
My brother,

Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my Lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. — Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily; be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be
found,

Be you beneath the sky: — I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!

[*Aside. Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd
one. —

[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and attendants.*
Go, play, boy, play; — thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. — Go, play, boy, play; — There
have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,
 Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
 That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
 And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
 Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
 As mine, against their will: Should all despair,
 That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
 Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none;
 It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
 Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
 From east, west, north and south: Be it concluded,
 No barricado for a belly; know it;
 It will let in and out the enemy,
 With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
 Have the disease, and feel't not. — How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort. —
 What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man. —
 [Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
 When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
 His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it? —

They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'Tis far gone,
 When I shall gust it last. — How cam't, Camillo,
 That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the Queen's, be't: good, should be per-
 tinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: — Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my Lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your Highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress? — satisfy? —
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my Lord?

Leon. To bide upon't; — Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,

Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my Lord,
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,
 It was my folly; industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest: these, my Lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your Grace,
 Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
 By its own visage: if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
 (But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
 (For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
 Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man, that does not think it,)
 My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
 (Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
 My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
 As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
 Kissing whith inside lip? stopping the career

Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave:
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil;
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who, — if I
Hand servants true about me; that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, — they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer, — whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled, — might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my Lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee, —

Leon. Make't thy question, and go rot!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o'the Prince my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your Highness
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your Queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my Lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd
me. [Exit.

Cam. O miserable lady! — But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. — To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak? —
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal Sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my Lord.

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment: when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and
dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the
better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo, —
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerklike, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle, — I beseech you,
I you know aught which does behove my know-
ledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. — Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof the
least
Is not this suit of mine, — that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my
counsel;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears,

As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't, — that you have touch'd his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty, —

That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
 Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.
 Your followers I will whisper to the business;
 And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
 Clear them o'the city: For myself, I'll put
 My fortunes to your service; which are here
 By this discovery lost. By not uncertain;
 For, by the honour of my parents, I
 Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
 Than one condemn'd by the King's own mouth,
 thereon
 His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
 I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
 Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
 My people did expect my hence departure
 Two days ago. — This jealousy
 Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
 Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
 Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious Queen, part of his theme, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
 The keys of all the posterns: Please your Highness
 To take the urgent hour: come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1. *Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1. *Lady.* Why, my sweet Lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. — I love you better.

2. *Lady.* And why so, my good Lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2. *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. — Pray
now

What colour are your eye-brows?

1. *Lady.* Blue, my Lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's
nose

That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2. *Lady.* Hark ye:

The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new Prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1. *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, Sir,
now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter;
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, Sir.

Come on, sit down: — Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man, —

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard; I will tell it
softly:

Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with
him?

1. *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them;
never

Saw I men scour so on their way; I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure? in my true opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge! — How accurs'd,
In being so blest! — There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts: — I have drank, and seen the
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:

There

There is a plot against my life, my crown;
 All's true, that is mistrusted: — that false villain,
 Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him;
 He has discover'd my design, and I
 Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
 For them to play at will: — How came the posterns
 So easily open?

1. *Lord.* By his great authority;
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
 On your command.

Leon. I know't too well. —
 Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him:
 Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
 Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
 about her;
 Away with him: — and let her sport herself
 With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
 Has made the swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
 And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
 Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my Lords,
 Look on her, mark her well; be but about
 To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
 The justice of your hearts, will thereto add,
 'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable*:
 Praise her but for this her without-door form,
 (Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and
 straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
 That calumny doth use: — O, I am out,
 That mercy does: for calumny will sear
 Virtue itself: — these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
 When you have said, *she's goodly*, come between,

Ere you can say she's honest: But it be known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my Lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my Lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the Prince and beggar! — I have said,
She's an adultress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape,

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top. — Away with her to prison
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look

With an aspect more favourable. — Good my Lords,
 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
 Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
 Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
 That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
 Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my Lords,
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities
 Shall best instruct you, measure me; — and so
 The King's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [*To the guards.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me? — 'beseech
 your Highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
 My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
 There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress
 Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
 As I come out; this action, I now go on,
 Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my Lord:
 I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
 I trust, I shall — My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt QUEEN and LADIES.*

1. *Lord.* 'Beseech your Highness, call the Queen
 again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir; lest your justice
 Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
 Yourself, your Queen, your son.

1. *Lord.* For her, my Lord, —
 I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
 Please you to accept it, that the Queen is spotless
 I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
 In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
 She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
 I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
 Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;

For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1. *Lord.* Good my Lord, —

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him: Be she honour-flaw'd, —
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: the are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease: no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus: and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1. *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my Lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which, — if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,

Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my Liege,
You had only in your silent judgement tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1. *Lord.* Well done, my Lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in publick; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, — call to him;
[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am. — Good Lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? — Now, good Sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.

Keep. I may not, Madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors? — Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, Madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attend.*]

Keep. And, Madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*]
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear Gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn: —
These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the King! beshrew
them!

He must be told on't, and he shall! the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more; — Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the Queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Please your Ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design:
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the Queen: Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, ift please the Queen to send the
babe

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other
Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but
weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being; — part o'the cause,
She, the adultress: — for the harlot King
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,

Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. — Who's there?

1. *Atten.* My Lord? [advancing.

Leon. How does the boy?

1. *Atten.* He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see,
His nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And down-right languish'd. — Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*] — Fie, fie! no
thought of him; —

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance, — Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1. *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my Lords, be second to
me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1. *Atten.* Madam, be hath not slept to-night;
commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good Sir;

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you, —
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
 At each his needless heavings, — such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
 Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
 Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
 That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my Lord; but needful conference,
 About some gossips for your Highness.

Leon. How? —

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
 I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me:
 I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my Lord,
 On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
 She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
 (Unless he take the course that you have done,
 Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
 He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
 When she will take the rein, I let her run;
 But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come, —
 And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
 Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
 Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
 Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
 Than such as most seem yours: — I say, I come
 From your good Queen.

Leon. Good Queen!

Paul. Good Queen, my Lord, good Queen: I say,
 good Queen;

And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do mine errand — The good Queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

Leon. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; wick is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard: —
Thou, dotard, [*To ANTIGONUS.*] thou art woman-
tir'd, unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here, — take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the Princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't?

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past
all doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here, and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,

His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her hus-
band,

And now baits me! — That brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. — Behold, my Lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the
valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger: —
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag! —
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:

It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
Cut this most cruel usage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something
savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me: I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my Lord; 'tis yours: Jove send
her

A better guiding spirit! — What need these hands? —
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: — Farewell; we are gone. [Exit.

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this. —

My child? away with't! — even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1. *Lord.* We can; my royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1. *Lord.* 'Beseech your Highness, give us better
credit:

We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this pur-
pose;

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows: —
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither. — You, Sir, come you hither;
[*To ANTIGONUS.*

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life: — for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey, — what will you ad-
venture

To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my Lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for
the fail

Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, —
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture, —
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this: though a present death
Had been more merciful. — Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. — Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit, with the child.*]

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1. *Attend.* Please your Highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1. *Lord.* So please you, Sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretels,

The great Apollo suddenly will have
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, Lords:
 Summon a session, that we may arraign
 Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
 Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
 A just and open trial. While she lives,
 My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
 And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The same. A Street in some town.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
 Fertile the isle; temple much surpassing
 The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
 For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
 (Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
 Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
 How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
 It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
 And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
 Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
 That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
 Prove as successful to the Queen, — O, be't so! —
 As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
 The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
 Turn all to the best! These proclamations,

So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge. — Go, — fresh
horses; —
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly
seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pro-
nounce,)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a King; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd. — Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation. —
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his Highness' pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in person here in court. — Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA
and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes,
King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraign-
ed of high treason, in committing adultery with
Polixenes, King of Bohemia; and conspiring with
Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign

lord the King, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my accusation; and The testimony on my part, no other But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity, Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, Be so receiv'd. But thus, — If powers divine Behold our human actions, (as they do,) I doubt not then, but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny Tremble at patience. — You, my Lord, best know, (Who least will seem to do so,) my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devis'd, And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me, — A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter, The mother to a hopeful Prince, — here standing, To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour, 'Tis a derivative from me to mine, And only that I stand for. I appeal To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes Came to your court, how I was in your grace, How merited to be so; since he came, With what encounter so uncurrent I Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,

That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had
spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;

Yo had a bastard by Polixenes,
 And I but dream'd it: — As you were past all shame,
 (Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:
 Which to deny, concerns more than avails:

For as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
 Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
 Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare yours threats;
 The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity:
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went: My second joy,
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder: Myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet; With immodest hatred,
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion; — Lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i'the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now, my Liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this; mistake me not; — No! life,
 I prize it not a straw: — but for mine honour,
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
 'Tis rigour, and not law. — Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle;
 Apollo be my judge.

1. *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The fatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of
justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear,

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*reads.*] Hermione is chaste, Polixenes
blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jeal-
ous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten;
and the King shall live without an heir, if that,
which is lost, be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my Lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My Lord the King, the King!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The Prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*]
How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: — Look
down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover. —
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion: —
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. — Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt PAULINA and ladies, with HERMIONE.*]
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! —
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my Queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: — How he glisters

Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1. *Lord.* What fit is this, good Lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies, —
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine! — O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a King; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't;
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last, — O, Lords,
When I have said, cry, woe! — the Queen, the
Queen,

The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance
for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

1. *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word,
nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the Gods. — But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain; and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1. *Lord.* Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. — What's gone, and what's past
help,

Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my Liege,
Sir, royal Sir; forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your Queen, — lo, fool again! —
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;

I'll not remember you of mine own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

*Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and a
Mariner*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd
upon

The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my Lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! — Go, get
aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not

Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
 Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away;
 I'll follow instantly,

Mar. I am glad at heart
 To be so rid o'the business.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe: —

I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the
 dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
 Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes,
 Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, —
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the
babe

Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prythee, call't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more: — and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,

Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. — Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the child.*

There lie; and there thy character: there these;

[*Laying down a bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
 pretty,

And still rest thine. — The storm begins; — Poor
 wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow! — Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. — Farewell!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to
 have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour? —

Well may I get aboard! — This is the chace;

I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten
 and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out
 the rest: for there is nothing in the between but
 getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry,
 stealing, fighting. — Hark you now! — Would
 any but these boild brains of nineteen, and two-
 and-twenty, hunt this weather? There have scared
 away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf
 will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have
 them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing on ivy. Good
 luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking
 up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty

barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho ho!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clown. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land; — but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast: and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service, — To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman: — But to make an end of the ship: — to see how the sea flap dragon'd it: — but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them; — and how the poor Gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I

saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man!

Clown. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [Aside.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy: open't. So, let's see; — It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling: — open't: What's within, boy?

Clown. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. — Let my sheep go: — Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry; if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, — that please some, try all; both joy,
and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error, —
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o'the King's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth: — a shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;

If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may.

[Exit.]

S C E N E I.

The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee; thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King, my brother; whose loss of his most precious Queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince

Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the Prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pry'thee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! — We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*When daffodils begin to peer, —
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale. —
Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, —
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.*

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chants. —
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay: —
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

*I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore
three-pile; but now I am out of service:*

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

*My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to
lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus;
who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was
likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With*

die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. — A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Let me see: — Every 'leven wether tod; every tod yields — pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, — What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

[*Aside.*

Clown. I cannot do't without counters. — Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice* — What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron* to colour the warden pies; *mace*, — *dates*, — none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, *seven*; *a race*, or *two*, of *ginger*; — but that I may beg; — *four pound of prunes*, and *as many of raisins o'the sun*.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clown. I'the name of me. —

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clown. Alack, poor soul; thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, Sir, the loathsomeness of them offends

me more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet Sir, a foot-man.

Clown. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. O! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clown. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O, good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; [*picks his pocket.*] good Sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the Prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue; some call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir! — [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue!

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods.
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddesslike prank'd up: But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how

Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The Gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the King:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine; to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle:
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
I lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd,
 upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now
 here,

At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, Sir! [To POL.]

It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o'the day: — You're welcome, Sir!
[To CAMILLO.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. — Reverend
Sirs

For you there's rosemary, and rue: these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long;
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient, —
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, — the fairest flowers o'the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
Whit great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art,
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race; This is an art
Which does mend nature, — change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. — Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age; You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. — Now,
my fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: — O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if, — not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers:

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,

To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
 No other function: Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are Queens.

Per. O Doricles,
 Your praises are too large; but that your youth,
 And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
 You woo'd me the false way,

Flo. I think, you have
 As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
 To put you to't. — But, come; our dance, I pray:
 Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
 That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
 Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
 But smacks of something greater than herself;
 Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
 That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
 The Queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
 To mend her kissing with. —

Mop. Now, in good time! —

Clown. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
 manners. —

Come, strike up.

[Musick.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what

Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?
ter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself

To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O Master, if you did but hear the pedler at
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor
and pipe: no, the bagpipe could not move you: he
sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he
utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's
ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better: he shall
come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be
doleful matter, merrity set down, or a very pleasant
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with
gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so
without bawdry, which is strange; with such deli-
cate burdens of *dildo's* and *sadings*: *jump her and*
thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal
would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul

gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clown. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clown. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Cloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy, etc.*

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kilnhole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, Sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden: and how she long'd to eat adder's heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What neither! *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: — Pedler, let's have the first choice. — Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fins't wear-a?

Come to the pedler;

Money's a medler,

That doth utter all men's wear-a.

[*Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, and MOPSA.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are

o'the mind; (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already: — I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danced before the King; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, Sir. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant, with twelve rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter. —

Is it not too far gone? — 'Tis time to part them. — He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*] — How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your lass
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,

But

But not deliver'd. — O, hear me breath my life
 Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
 Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
 As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
 That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this? —

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
 The hand, was fair before! — I have put you out: —
 But, to your protestaion; let me hear
 What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
 That, — were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
 Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
 That ever made eye swerve; had force, and know-
 ledge,

More than was ever man's, — I would not prize
 them,

Without her love: for her, employ them all;
 Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
 Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
 Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
 So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
 By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
 The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain; —
 And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
 I give my daughter to him, and will make
 Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
 I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
 I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
 Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
 Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand; —
 And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;
 Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father

Is, as the nuptial of his son, a guest
 That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
 Is not your father grown incapable
 Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
 With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?
 hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
 Lies he not bed rid? and again does nothing,
 But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir:
 He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
 Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
 Something unfilial: Reason, my son
 Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
 The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
 But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
 In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
 But, for some other reasons, my grave Sir,
 Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
 My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to
grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come he must not: —
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,

[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect's a sheep-hook! — Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. — And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with; —

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,
and made
More homely than thy state. — For thee, fond boy, —
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court — Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. — And you, enchantment, —
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee, — if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,

I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't.

[*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afraid: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. — Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?

[*To FLORIZEL.*

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine, —
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. — O Sir,
[*To FLORIZEL.*

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust. — O cursed wretch!

[*To PERDITA.*

That knew'st this was the Prince, and would'st ad-
venture

To mingle faith with him. — Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not follow-
ing

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, — which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him; — and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, 'till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. I cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! — Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Whill thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; Let myself, and fortune,

Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
 And so deliver, — I am put to sea
 With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
 And, most opportune to our need, I have
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
 For this design. What course I mean to hold,
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
 Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my Lord,
 I would your spirit were easier for advice,
 Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. — [*Takes her aside.*
 I'll hear you by and by. [*To CAMILLO.*

Cam. He's irremovable,
 Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
 His going I could frame to serve my turn;
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour:
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
 And that unhappy King, my master, whom
 I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
 I am so fraught with curious business, that
 I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

Cam. Sir, I think,
 You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
 That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
 Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick,
 To speak your deeds; not little of his care
 To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my Lord,
 If you may please to think I love the King;
 And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
 Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
 (If your more ponderous and settled project
 May suffer alteration,) on mine honour

I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin:) marry her:
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, — if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight; — Make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair Princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
down:

The which shall point you forth, at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain, as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house, these seven
years,

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she shews a mistress
To most that teach.

Por. Your pardon, Sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita. —
But, O, the thorns we stand upon! — Camillo, —
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our house! — how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily —

Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, Sir,
That you may know you shall not want, — one
word.

[*They talk aside.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust,
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have
sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a
riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, bal-
lad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-
ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng
who shall buy first; as if my trinkets had been
hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer:
by which means, I saw whose purse was best in
picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remem-
ber'd. My clown (who wants but something to be
a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wench-
es' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till
he had both tune and words; which so drew the
rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses
stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket, it
was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of
a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in

chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a hubbub against his daughter and the King's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA, *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes, —

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here? —

[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, — why hanging. [*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir: — I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? — I smell the trick of it. — [*Aside.*

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. —

[*FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy
Come home to you! — you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. —
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat: — Come, lady, come. — Farewell, my
friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the King
[*Aside.*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us! —

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; — here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard,

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clown. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: — Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. — [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your Worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be know, discover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clown. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these unfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me?

reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-peè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clown. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box; which none must know but the King; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir; about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the King: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs: and, if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority: close

with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety: — Are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: — Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the Prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my
advance-

advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cle. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my Lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallell'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good
now,

Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things, that
would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former Queen is well?
What holier, than, — for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good, —
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,

And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My Lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. — Care not for issue;

[To LEONTES.

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina, —
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, — O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips, —

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me!*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me; for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, very stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals! — fear thou no wife
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my Lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cleon. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleon. Good Madam, —

Paul. I have done.

Yet, if my Lord will marry, — if you will, Sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a Queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take
joy

To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first Queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his Princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His Princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,

As every present time doth boast itself

Above a better, gone; so must thy grave

Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself

Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now

Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been,*

Nor was not to be equall'd; — thus your verse

Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,

To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, Madam:

The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)

The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,

Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,

Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal

Of all professors else; make proselytes

Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman

More worth than any man; men, that she is

The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;

Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,

Bring them to our embracement. — Still 'tis strange,

[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*

He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our Prince,

(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd

Well with this Lord; there was not full a month

Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,

He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,

When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches

Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason. — They are come. —

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair Princess, Goddess! — O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly,) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery; I desire my life
Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something
seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so,) more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee,
stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Libya.

Flo. Most royal Sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter

Leon. The blessed Gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Lord. Most noble Sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,

Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great Sir,
 Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
 Desires you to attach his son; who has
 (His dignity and duty both cast off,)
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him
 I speak amazedly; and it becomes
 My marvel, and my message. To your court
 Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase it seems
 Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
 The father of this seeming lady, and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted
 With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
 Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
 Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;
 He's with the King your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, Sir; I spake with him; who now
 Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
 Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
 Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
 Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
 With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father! —
 The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
 Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
 The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first. —
 The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My Lord,
 Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's
speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves. — 'Beseech you, Sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles,

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my Liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your Queen died, she was more worth such
gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. — But your petition
[To FLORIZEL.
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my Lord.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this relation?

1. *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1. *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; — But the changes I perceived in the King, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration, they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2. *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more. — How goes it now, Sir? this news,

which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the King found his heir?

3. *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione; — her jewel about the neck of it; — the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character: — the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; — the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding, — and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings.

2. *Gent.* No.

3. *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many Kings reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2. *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1. *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the Princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by such was it acted.

3. *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I woul fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marle there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1. *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3. *Gent.* No: the Princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano: who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, to say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2. *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1. *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access! every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much seasick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd, and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my

will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, Sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy,

Clown. So you have: — but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father, brother; and then the Prince, my brother, and the Princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good Worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the

Prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend: — And I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. — Hark! the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Paulina's House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your con-
tracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our Queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

[PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.]

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak; — first, you, my
Liege.

Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture! —
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace. — But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is

Now

Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
 Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
 As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
 I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
 For being more stone than it? — O, royal piece,
 There's magick in thy majesty; which has
 My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
 From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
 Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
 And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
 I kneel, and then implore her blessing. — Lady,
 Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
 Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience;
 The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
 Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your sorrow was to sore laid on;
 Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
 So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
 Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
 But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
 Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
 To take off so much grief from you, as he
 Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
 If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
 Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is
 mine,)

I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your
 fancy

May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.

VOL. VI,

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already —
What was he, that did make it? — See, my Lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My Lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let's alone.

Paul. I am sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you:
but

I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. — Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statute move indeed; descend,

And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick; awake her: strike. — [*Musick.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. — You perceive, she stirs:

[*HERMIONE comes down from the pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in
age,

Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, les it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd:
Or, how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at
 Like an old tale: but it appears, she lives,
 Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while. —
 Please you to interpose, fair Madam; kneel,
 And pray your mother's blessing. — Turn, good Lady;
 Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.*

Her. You Gods, look down,
 And from your sacred vials pour your graces
 Upon my daughter's head! — Tell me, mine own,
 Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how
 found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I, —
 Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
 Gave hope thou wast in being, — have preserv'd
 myself,

To see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
 Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
 Your joys with like relation. — Go together,
 You precious winners all; your exultation
 Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
 My mate, that's never to be found again,
 Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
 Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
 As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
 And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
 mine;

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
 As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
 A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
 (For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
 An honourable husband: — Come, Camillo,
 And take her by the hand; whose worth, and honesty,

A
SELECTION
OF THE
MOST IMPORTANT NOTES
EXTRACTED
FROM
THE BEST COMMENTATORS
TO THE PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME VI.

SECTION

OF THE

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

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NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

* * We have hitherto supposed Shakspeare the author of *The Taming of the Shrew*, but his property in it is extremely disputable. I will give my opinion, and the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose then the present play not *originally* the work of Shakspeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly spurious; and without doubt, *supposing* it to have been written by Shakspeare, it must have been one of his earliest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, (and possibly there may be an earlier edition,) called *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, where I suspect an allusion to the

old play: „Read the *Booke of Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath hir.” — I am aware a modern linguist may object that the word *book* does not at present seem *dramatik*, but it was once *technically* so: Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse*, containing *a pleasaunt Invective against Poets, Pipers. Players, Jesters and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth*, 1579, mentions „twoo prose bookes played at the Bell-Sauage:” and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of William of Worcester, that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *Play or Interlude*, intituled *The Booke of Sir Thomas Moore*.

And in fact there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's list: „A pleasant conceited history, called, *The Taming of a Shrew* — sundry times acted by the earl of Pembroke his servants.” Which seems to have been republished by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakspeare's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe. — Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till some years after his death; but he merely revived it on his stage as a *manager*.

In support of what I have said relative to this play, let me only observe further at present, that the author of *Hamlet* speaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptista; but the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptista to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the testimony of Sir Aston Cockayn. I knew Sir Aston was much acquainted with the writers immediately subsequent to Shakspeare; and I was not inclined to dispute his

authority: but how was I surprised, when I found that Cockayn ascribes nothing more to Shakspeare, than the *Induction-Wincot-Ale and the Beggar!* I hope this was only a slip of Mr. Capell's memory.

FARMER.

The following is Sir Aston's Epigram:

TO MR. CLEMENT FISHER, OF WINCOT.

„Shakspeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
 „That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found
 „Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
 „To make him to believe he was a lord:
 „But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
 „'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
 „Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakspeare fancies
 „Did put *Kit Sly* into such lordly trances:
 „And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)
 „And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness."

Sir A. Cockayn's Poems, 1659, p. 124.

In spite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Dr. Farmer's judgement, I own I cannot concur with him on the present occasion, I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakspeare was not its author. I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharine and Petruchio.

I once thought that the name of this play might have been taken from an old story, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells Skin, or The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have since discovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following: „Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleasaunt conceyted hystorie, called, *The Tayminge of a Shrowe*." It is likewise entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakspeare, to avail themselves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has observed, Spenser sent out his *Pastorals* under the title of *The Shepherd's Kalendar*, a work which had been printed by Wynken de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before these poems of Spenser appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepy's Collection, might have suggested to Shakspeare the Induction for this comedy.

Chance, however, has at last furnished me with the original to which Shakspeare was indebted for his fable; nor does this discovery at all dispose me to retract my former opinion, which the reader may find at the conclusion of the notes on this play. Such parts of the dialogue as our author had immediately imitated, I have occasionally pointed out; but must refer the reader, who is desirous to examine the whole structure of the piece, to *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, etc. published by S. Leacroft, at Charing-cross, as a Supplement to our commentaries on Shakspeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a sequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd*; in which Petruchio is subdued by a second wife. STEEVENS.

Among the books of my friend the late Mr. William Collins of Chichester, now dispersed, was a collection of short comick stories in prose, printed in the black letter under the year 1570, „sett forth by maister Richard Edwards, mayster of her Majesties revels." Among these tales was that of the

INDUCTION OF THE TINKER in Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*; and perhaps Edward's story-book was the immediate source from which Shakspeare, or rather the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, drew that diverting apologue. If I recollect right, the circumstances almost tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates from an epistle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. That perspicuous annalist, who flourished about the year 1580, says, this story was told to Vives by an old officer of the Duke's court. T. WARTON.

See the earliest English original of this story, etc. at the conclusion of the notes on this play.

STEEVENS.

Our author's *Taming of the Shrew* was written, I imagine, in 1594. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*. MALONE.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION

to the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, etc.

Sly.

A Tapster.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, etc.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Alphonsus, a merchant of Athens.

Ierobel, Duke of Cestus.

Aurelius, *his son,* }
 Ferando, } *Suitors to the daughters of*
 Polidor, } *Alphonsus.*

Valeria, *servant to Aurelius.*

Sander *servant to Ferando.*

Phylotus, *a merchant who personates the Duke.*

Kate, }
 Emelia, } *Daughters to Alphonsus.*
 Phylema, }

Tailor, Haberdasher, and servants to Ferando and Alphonsus.

SCENE, Athens; and sometimes Ferando's Country House.

Page 3, line 7. To *pheese* or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harrass*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character on like occasions. The following explanation of the word is given by Sir Thomas Smith, in his book *de Sermone Anglico*, printed by Robert Stephens, 4to; „To *feize*, means *in fila diducere*." JOHNSON.

Shakspeare repeats his use of the word in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Ajax says he will *pheese* the pride of Achilles: and Lovewit in *The Alchemist* employs it in the same sense. STEEVENS.

To *pheeze* a man, is to beat him; to give him a *pheeze*, is, to give him a knock. M. MASON.

To *touze* or *toaze* had the same signification. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: „Arruffare. To *touze*, to tug, to bang, or rib-baste one." MALONE.

P. 3, l. 9. — the Slies are no *rogues*:] That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen.

JOHNSON.

One *William Sly* was a performer in the plays of Shakspeare, as appears from the list of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This *Sly* is likewise mentioned in Heywood's *Actor's Vindication*, and the Induction to Marston's *Malecontent*. He was also among those to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the Globe theatre in 1603. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 11. — *paucas pallabris*;] *Sly*, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words; as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet. THEOBALD.

This is a burlesque on Hieronymo, which Theobald speaks of in a following note: „What new device have they devised now? *Pocas pallabras*." In the comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, a cut-purse makes use of the same words. Again, they appear in *The Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638, and in some others, but are always appropriated to the lowest characters. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 12. — *let the world slide*:] This expression is proverbial. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 14. To *burst* and to *break* were anciently synonymus. Falstaff says, that „John of Gaunt *burst* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshall's men." STEEVENS.

Burst is still used for *broke* in the North of England. REED.

P. 3, l. 18. — *I must go fetch the thirdborough.*
The old copy reads:

— *I must go fetch the headborough.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, etc.

STEEVENS.

This corrupt reading had pass'd down through all the copies, and none of the editors pretended to guess at the poet's conceit. What an insipid, unmeaning reply does Sly make to his Hostess? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* borough relate to *Headborough*? The author intended but a poor witticism, and even that is lost. The Hostess would say, that she'd fetch a *constable*: and this officer she calls by his other name, a *Thirdborough*: and upon this term Sly founds the conundrum in his answer to her. Who does not perceive at a single glance, some conceit started by this certain correction? There is an attempt at wit, tolerable enough for a tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-borough* is a Saxon term sufficiently explained by the glossaries: and in our statute-books, no further back than the 28th year of Henry VIII. we find it used to signify a *constable*. THEOBALD.

In the Personae Dramatis to Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, the *high-constable*, the *petty-constable*, the *head-borough*, and the *third-borough*, are enumerated as distinct characters. It is difficult to say precisely what the office of a *third-borough* was. STEEVENS.

The office of *thirdborough* is known to all acquainted with the civil constitution of this country, to be co-extensive with that of the *constable*. SIR J. HAWKINS.

The office of *Thirdborough* is the same with that of *Constable*, except in places where there are both, in which case the former is little more than the constable's assistant. The *headborough*, *petty constable*

constable and *thirdborough*, introduced by Ben Jonson in *The Tale of a Tub*, being all of different places, are but one and the same officer under so many different names. In a book intitled *The Constable's Guide*, etc. 1771, it is said that „there are in several counties of this realm other officers; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our constables; as in *Warwickshire* a *third-borough*.” The etymology of the word is uncertain. RITSON.

P. 4, l. 5. *Brach Merriman*, — the poor cur is *emboss'd*,] Here, says Pope, *brach* signifies a degenerate hound: but Edwards explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of these criticks is right, will appear from the use of the word *brach*, in Sir T. More's *Comfort against Tribulation*, Book III. ch. xxiv: — „Here it must be known of some men that can skill of hunting, whether that we mistake not our terms, for then are we utterly ashamed as ye wott well. — And I am so cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I remember she is no bitch but a *brache*.”

T. WARTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads — *Leech Merriman*; that is, *apply some remedies* to Merriman, the poor cur has his *joints swell'd*. — Perhaps we might read — *bathe* Merriman, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntsmen; but the present reading may stand. JOHNSON.

Emboss'd is a hunting term. When a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *emboss'd*. A dog also when he is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground) will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *emboss'd*: from the French word *bosse*, which signifies a tumour. T. WARTON.

Can any thing be more evident than that *imboss'd* means *swelled* in the knees, and that we ought to read *bathe*? Whath has the *imbossing* of a *deer* to do with that of an *hound*? „*Imbossed* sores“ occur in *As you like it*; and in the first part of *King Henry IV*, the Prince calls Falstaff „*imboss'd* rascal.“ RITSON.

P. 5, l. 23. 24. *And, when he says he is —, say,
that he dreams,*

For he his nothing but a mighty lord.]
I rather think (with Sir Thomas Hanmer) that Shakspeare wrote:

And when he says he's poor, say that he dreams.
The dignity of a lord is then significantly opposed to the poverty which it would be natural for Sly to acknowledge. STEEVENS.

If any thing should be inserted: it may be done thus:

And when he says he's Sly, say that he dreams.
The likeness in writing of *Sly* and *say* produced the omission. JOHNSON.

This is hardly right: for how should the Lord know the beggar's name to be *Sly*? STEEVENS.

Perhaps the sentence ist left imperfect, because he did not know by what name to call him.

BLACKSTONE.

I have no doubt that the blank was intended by the author. It it observeable that the metre of the line is perfect, without any supplemental word. In *The Tempest* a similar blank is found, which Shakspeare there also certainly intended: — „I should know that voice; it should be —; but he is drown'd, and these are devils.“ MALONE.

P. 5, l. 25. *Kindly*, means naturally. M. MASON.

P. 5, l. 27. By *modesty* is meant *moderation*,

without suffering our merriment to break into an excess. JOHNSON.

P. 6, l. 12. 2 Play. *So please your Lordship to accept our duty.]*

It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses.

JOHNSON.

P. 6, last l. but one. Go, sirrah, *take them to the buttry,]* Mr. Pope

had [probably these words in his thoughts, when he wrote the following passage of his preface:

„— the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttry* by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette." But he seems not to have observed, that the players here introduced are *strollers*; and there is no reason to suppose that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Condell, etc. who were licensed by King James, were treated in this manner.

MALONE.

P. 7, l. 25. It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient used by the actors of interludes.

JOHNSON.

P. 8, l. 5. From the original stage-direction in the first folio it appears that Sly and the other persons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the representation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage. The direction here is — „*Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, etc.*" So afterwards at the end of this scene — „*The Presenters above speak.*" MALONE.

P. 8, l. 10. — a pot of *small ale.*] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationer's Company in the year 1558: „For a stande of *small ale*;" I suppose it was what we now call *small beer*, no mention of that liquor being made on the same books,

though *duble bere*, and *duble duble ale*, are frequently recorded. STEEVENS.

P. 8, last lines; and P. 9, l. 1—5. Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of *Burton-heath*; etc. etc.] I suspect we should read — *Barton-heath*. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Shakspeare's old enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

Wilnecotte is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakspeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill. The meanest hovel to which Shakspeare has an allusion, interests curiosity, and acquires an importance: at least, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries.

T. WARTON.

Burton Dorset is a village in Warwickshire.

RITSON.

There is likewise a village in Warwickshire called *Burton Hastings*.

Among Sir A. Cockayn's poems (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have observed) there is an epigram on Sly and his ale, addressed to Mr. Clement Fisher of *Wincot*.

The text is undoubtedly right.

There is a village in Warwickshire called *Barton on the Heath*, where Mr. Dover, the founder of the Cotswold games lived. MALONE.

P. 9, l. 6. *Bestraught* seems to have been synonymous to *distraught* or distracted. See Minshew's Dict. 1617: „*Bestract*, a Lat. *distractus mente*. Vi. *Mad* and *Bedlam*." MALONE.

P. 11, l. 4. The *lect* is the *Court-lect*, or *View of frank pledge*, held anciently once a year, within

a particular hundred, manor, or lordship, before the steward of the leet. MALONE.

P. 11, l. 11. — and old John Naps of Greece,] A hart of Greece, was a fat hart. Graisse, Fr.

Perhaps this expression was used to imply that John Naps (who might haven been a real character) was a fat man: or as Poins calls the associates of Falstaff Trojans, John Naps might be called a Grecian for such another reason. STEEVENS.

For old John Naps of Greece, read — old John Naps o' th' Green. BLACKSTONE.

P. 12, l. 31. — Is not a commonty etc.] Thus the old copies; the modern ones read — It is not a commodity, etc. Commonty for comedy, etc.

STEEVENS.

In the old play the players themselves use the word commodity corruptly for a comedy.

BLACKSTONE.

P. 13, l. 16. — ingenious studies,] I rather think it was written — ingenuous studies, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty.

JOHNSON.

P. 13, l. 21. Vincentio his son, is the same as Vincentio's son, which Mr. Heath not apprehending, has proposed to alter Vincentio into Lucentio. It may be added, that Shakspeare in other places expresses the genitive case in the same improper manner. TYRWHITT.

P. 13, l. 22. — to serve all hopes conceiv'd,] To fulfil the expectations of his friends. MALONE.

P. 13, l. 25. 26. Virtue, and that part of philosophy Will I apply,] Sir Thomas Hammer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read — to virtue; but formerly ply and apply were indifferently used, as to ply or apply his studies. JOHNSON.

The word *ply* is afterwards used in this scene, and in the same manner, by Tranio. M. MASON.

P. 14, l. 6. Or so devote to *Aristotle's checks*,] The harsh rules of Aristotle. STEEVENS.

Such as tend to *check* and restrain the indulgence of the passions. MALONE.

Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethicks*. The sense confirms it. BLACKSTONE.

P. 14, l. 10 — *quicken* — i. e. animate.

STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 22. *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant pretty little thing.

JOHNSON.

P. 15, l. 30. — will you be so *strange*?] That is, so odd, so different from others in your conduct.

JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 3. *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing*, *learned*, as may be observed in the translation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 19. *Gifts* for *endowments*. MALONE.

P. 16, l. 19 — 21. I cannot conceive whose love Gremio can mean by the words *their love*, as they had been talking of no love but that which they themselves felt for Bianca. We must therefore read, *our love*, instead of *their*. M. MASON.

Perhaps we should read — *Your love*. In the old manner of writing *yr* stood for either *their* or *your*. The editor of the third folio and some modern editors, with, I think, less probability, read *our*. If *their love* be right, it must mean — the good will of Baptista and Bianca towards us.

MALONE.

P. 16, l. 25. — I will *wish* him to her father.] I will *recommend* him. REED.

P. 16, l. 23. — *upon advice*, — i. e. on consideration, or reflection. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 17. — Happy man be his *dole*!] A proverbial expression. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 17. *He that runs fastest, gets the ring.*] An allusion to the sport of running at the ring.

DOUCE.

P. 18, l. 3. *Affection is not rated* —] Is not driven out by chiding. STEEVENS.

P. 18, l. 4. *If love have touch'd you*,] The next line from Terence shows that we should read:

If Love hath toyl'd you, —

i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus est*, *habet*, of the same author.

WARBURTON.

It is a common expression at this day to say, when a bailiff has arrested a man, that he has *touched* him on the shoulder. Therefore *touch'd* is as good a translation of *captus*, as *toyl'd* would be. M. MASON.

P. 18, l. 5. *Redime te captum quam queas minimis.*] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument for his learning.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from *Lilly*, and not from *Terence*; because it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*.

STEEVENS.

P. 18, l. 8. — you look'd so *longly* —] i. e. *longingly*. I have met with no example of this adverb.

STEEVENS.

P. 18, l. 11. — *the daughter of Agenor* —] Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull. STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 10. *Basta*;] i. e. 'tis enough; Italian and Spanish. STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 10. — for *I have it full*.] i. e. conceive our stratagem in its full extent, I have already planned the whole of it. STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 15. *Port*, is figure, show, appearance.

JOHNSON.

P. 20, l. 11. *I kill'd a man, and fear I was des-cried*:] i. e. I fear I was observ'd in the act of killing him.

MALONE.

P. 20, l. 32. The division for the second act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakspeare seems to have meant the first act to conclude here, where the speeches of the tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the first act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

P. 20, l. 33. Here in the old copy we have — „The Presenters above speak.” — meaning Sly, etc. who were placed in a balcony raised at the back of the stage. After the words — „Would it were done,” the marginal direction is — *They sit and mark*.

MALONE.

P. 21, l. 15. Was is the meaning of *rebu'd*? or is it a false print for *abus'd*? TYRWHITT.

P. 21, l. 17. 18. *Gru*. Knock you here etc.] Gru-mio's pretensions to wit have a strong resemblance to those of Dromio in *The Comedy of Errors*; and this circumstance makes it the more probable

that these two plays were written at no great distance of time from each other. MALONE.

P. 21, l. 25. — an you'll not knock, I'll *wring* it;] Here seems to be a quibble between *ringing* at a door, and *wringing* a man's ears. STEEVENS.

P. 22, l. 6 — 8. *Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin. If etc.]* i. e. I suppose, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has been just speaking Italian to Hortensio, which Grumio mistakes for the other language. STEEVENS.

I cannot help suspecting that we should read — *Nay, 'tis no matter what he leges in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service. Look you, Sir. — That is, „'Tis no matter what is law, if this be not a lawful cause,*” etc.

TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt's amendment and explanation of this passage is evidently right. Mr. Steevens appears to have been a little absent when he wrote his note on it. He forgot that Italian was Grumio's native language, and that therefore he could not possibly mistake it for Latin. M. MASON.

I am grateful to Mr. M. Mason for his hint, which may prove beneficial to me on some future occasion, though at the present moment it will not operate so forcibly as to change my opinion. I was well aware that Italian was Grumio's native language, but was not, nor am now, certain of our author's attention to this circumstance, because his Italians necessarily speak English throughout the play, with the exception of a few colloquial sentences. So little regard does our author pay to petty proprieties, that as often as *Signior*, the Italian appellation, does not occur to him, or suit the measure of his verse, he gives us in its room, „*Sir Vincentio*,” and, „*Sir Lucentio*.” STEEVENS.

P. 22, l. 52. *In a few*, means the same as *in a short*, *in few words*. JOHNSON.

P. 23, l. 12. The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expression which I have never heard; the *burthen* of *wooing his song* had been more proper. JONSON.

P. 23, l. 13. Be she as foul as was *Florentius' love*,] I suppose this alludes to the story of a Florentine, which is met with in the eleventh Book of Thomas Lupton's *Thousand Notable Things*.

„39. A *Florentine* young gentleman was so deceived by the lustre and orientness of her jewels, pearls, rings, lawns, scarves, laces, gold spangles, and other gawdy devices, that he was ravished overnight, and was mad till the marriage was solemnized. But next morning by light viewing of her before she was so gorgeously trim'd up, she was such a leane, yellow, riveled, deformed creature, that he never lay with her, nor lived with her afterwards; and would say that he had married himself to a stinking house of office, painted over, and set out with fine garments: and so for grief consumed away in melancholy, and at last poysoned himself. *Gomesius, lib. 3. de Sal. Gen. cap. 22.*” FARMER.

The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book *De Confessione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended.

This story might have been borrowed by Gower from an older narrative in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 23. — an *aglet-baby*;] i. e. a diminutive being, not exceeding in size the tag of a point.

STEEVENS.

An *aglet-baby* was a small image or head cut on the tag of a point or lace. That such figures were sometimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved, by a passage in Mezeray, the French historian: — „portant meme sur les *aiguillettes* [points] des petites *tetes de mort*." MALONE.

P. 23, l. 25. — *though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses:*] I suspect this passage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it. — *The fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. MALONE.

P. 23, l. 52. (*and that is faults enough,*)] And that one is itself a host of faults. MALONE.

P. 25, l. 34. — *shrewd,*] here means, having the qualities of a *shrew*. The adjective is now used only in the sense of *acute, intelligent*. MALONE.

I believe *shrewd* only signifies *bitter, severe*.

STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 21. — *he'll rail in his rope tricks.*] This is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads — *he'll rail in his rhetorick: I'll tell you, etc.* Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the succeeding part of the speech, yet I am inclined to believe that *rope-tricks* is the true word. JOHNSON.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare uses *ropery* for *roguery*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*.

Rope-tricks we may suppose to mean tricks of wick the contriver would deserve the *rope*.

STEEVENS.

Rope-tricks is certainly right. — *Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea; such language as parrots are taught to speak. MALONE.

P. 24, l. 22. — *she stand him —*] i. e. withstand, resist him. STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 24. 25. — *that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat:]* The humour of this passage I do not understand. This animal is remarkable for the keenness of its sight.

STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

P. 24, l. 27. *Keep* is custody. The strongest part of an ancient castle was called the *keep*. STEEVENS.

P. 24, last l. To *take order* is to *take measures*.

STEEVENS.

P. 25, l. 8. *Seen* is versed, practised. STEEVENS.

P. 25, l. 23. — see that *at any hand;*] i. e. at all events. STEEVENS.

P. 27, l. 18. — and trumpets' *clang*?] Probably the word *clang* is here used adjectively, as in the *Paradise Lost*, B. XI. v. 834, and not as a verb:

„— an island salt and bare,

„The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews
clang.” T. WARTON.

I believe Mr. Warton is mistaken. *Clang*, as a substantive, is used in *The Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

„I hear the *clang* of trumpets in this house.”
The Trumpets' clang is certainly the *clang* of trumpets, and not an epithet bestowed on those instruments. STEEVENS.

P. 27, l. 20. — so great a blow to *the ear*,] The old copy reads—to *hear*. STEEVENS.

This awkward phrase could never come from Shakspeare. He wrote, without question,

— so great a blow to th' ear. WARBURTON.

P. 27, l. 22. — fear boys with *bugs*.] i. e. with *bug-bears*. STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 25. *Gre.* He that has the two fair daughters: — is't (*Aside* to *TRANIO.*) he you mean?] In the old copy, this speech is given to *Biondello*. STEEVENS.

It should rather be given to *Gremio*; to whom, with the others, *Tranio* has addressed himself. The following passages might be written thus:

Tra. Even he. *Biondello!*

Gre. Hark you, Sir; you mean not her too.

TYRWHITT.

I think the old copy, both here and in the preceding speech is right. *Biondello* adds to what his master had said, the words — „He that has the two fair daughters,” to ascertain more precisely the person for whom he had enquired; and then addresses *Tranio*; „is't he you mean?” MALONE.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation.

STEEVENS.

P. 29, l. 27. *Please ye we may contrive this afternoon.*] Mr. Theobald asks *what they were to contrive?* and then says, *a foolish corruption possesses the place* and so alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed as he pretty constantly is, when wrong, by the Oxford editor. But the common reading is right, and the critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not signify here to *project* but to *spend*, and *wear out*.

WARBURTON.

Contrive, I suppose, is from *contero*. So, in the *Hecyra* of Terence. „Totum hunc contrivi diem.” STEEVENS.

P. 29, l. 29. By *adversaries in law*, I believe, our author means not suitors, but *barristers*, who, however warm in their opposition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony and friendship in private, than perhaps those of any other of the liberal professions. Their *clients* seldom

„eat and drink with their adversaries as friends.”

MALONE.

P. 29, l. 31. *Fellows* means *fellow-servants*. Grumio and Biondello address each other, and also the disguised Lucentio. MALONE.

P. 30, l. 4. Good sister, *wrong me not, nor wrong yourself*;] Do not act in a manner unbecoming a woman and a sister.

MALONE.

P. 30, l. 7. — *these other* gawds,] The old copy reads — *these other* goods. STEVENS.

This is so trifling and unexpressive a word, that I am satisfied our auther wrote *gawds*, (i. e. toys, trifling ornaments;) a term that he frequently uses and seems fond of. THEOBALD.

P. 30, l. 21. — *to keep you* fair.]. I wish to read — *to keep you* fine. But either word may serve.

JOHNSON.

P. 30, last. l. The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to Katharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

P. 31, l. 10. „To lead apes” was in our author’s time, as at present, one of the employments of a bear-herd, who often carries about one of those animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phrase came to be applied to old maids. We meet with it again in *Much ado about Nothing*: „Therefore (says Beatrice,) I will even take sixpence in earnest of the *bear-herd*, and lead his *apes* to hell.” MALONE.

That women who refused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution. STEVENS.

P. 32, l. 23. *Baccare!* you are marvellous forward.]. We must read, *Baccalare*; by which the Italians

mean, thou arrogant, presumptuous man! the word is used scornfully upon any one that would assume a port of grandeur. WARBURTON.

The word is neither wrong nor Italian: it was an old proverbial one, used by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleases to call, *Epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, such as they are:

„*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow,

„Went that sow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?"

„*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow: se,

„Mortimer's sow speaketh as good Latin as he."

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his *Old Saws and Adages*; and Philpot introduces it into the proverbs collected by Camden. FARMER.

P. 32, l. 26. 28. *I doubt it not, Sir; but you will curse your wooing. —*

Neighbour, this is a gift —] The old copy gives the passage as follows:

I doubt it not, Sir. But you will curse

Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift. —

STEEVENS.

This nonsense may be rectified by only pointing it thus: *I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift, etc.* addressing himself to Baptista. WARBURTON.

P. 32, l. 30. 31. *I freely give unto you this young scholar,]* Our modern editors had been long content with the following sophisticated reading: — *free leave give to this young scholar, —*. STEEVENS.

This is an injudicious correction of the first folio, which reads — *freely give unto this young scholar*. We should read, I believe —

I freely give unto you this young scholar,

That hath been long studying at Rheims; as
cunning

In Greek, etc. TYRWHITT.

P. 33, l. 16. In Queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Queen Elizabeth, etc. are trite instances. PERCY.

P. 33, l. 18. *Bap.* Lucentio is your name?] How should Baptista know this? Perhaps a line is lost, or perhaps our author was negligent. Mr. Theobald supposes they converse privately, and that thus the name is learned; but then the action must stand still; for there is no speech interposed between that of Tranio and this of Baptista. Another editor imagines that Lucentio's name was written on the packet of books. MALONE.

P. 33, l. 21. *I know him well;*] It appears in a subsequent part of this play, that Baptista was not *personally* acquainted with Vincentio. The pedant indeed talks of Vincentio and Baptista having lodged together twenty years before at an inn in Genoa; but this appears to have been a fiction for the *nonce*; for when the pretended Vincentio is introduced, Baptista expresses no surprise at his not being the same man with whom he had formerly been acquainted; and, when the real Vincentio appears, he supposes him an impostor. The words therefore, *I know him well*, must mean, „I know well who he is.” Baptista uses the same words before, speaking of Petruchio's father: „I know him well; you are welcome for his sake” — where they must have the same meaning; viz. *I know who he was*; for Petruchio's father is supposed to have died before the commencement of this play. MALONE.

P. 34, l. 2. And every day I cannot come to woo.] This is the burthen of part of an old ballad entitled *The Ingenious Braggadocio*:

„And I cannot come every day to woo.” STEEVENS.

P. 35. l.

P. 35, l. 6. A *fret* is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string. JOHNSON.

P. 35, l. 16. To *twangle* is a provincial expression, and signifies to flourish capriciously on an instrument, as performers often do after having tuned it, previous to their beginning a regular composition.

HENLEY.

Twangling Jack is, mean, paltry lunatist.

MALONE.

I do not see with Mr. Malone, that *twangling Jack* means „paltry lunatist,” though it may „paltry musician.” DOUCE.

P. 36, l. 27. *A joint-stool.*] This is a proverbial expression:

„Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd stool.”

STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 31. No such *jade*,] Perhaps we should read — no such *jack*. However there is authority for *jade* in a male sense. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, Piston says of Basilico, „He just like a knight! He'll just like a jade.” FARMER.

P. 37, l. 5. *Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better —

Ay, for a turtle, and he takes a buzzard.

That is, he may take me for a *turtle*, and he shall find me a *hawk*. JOHNSON.

P. 37, l. 28. A *craven* is a degenerate, dispirited cock. STEEVENS.

Craven was a term also applied to those who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents: the consequence of which was, that they for ever after were deemed infamous. REED.

P. 38, l. 26. *Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.]* This is exactly the Πασσάμενος ἐπιτάσσει of Theocritus, Eid. xv. v. 90. and yet I would not be positive that Shakspeare had ever read even a translation of Theocritus. TYRWHITT.

P. 39, l. 32. *For patience she will prove a second Grissel;]* There is a play at Stationers' Hall, May 28, 1599, called „The plaie of *Patient Grissel*." Bocaccio was the first known writer of the story, and Chaucer copied it in his *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale*. STEEVENS.

The story of *Grisel* is older than Bocaccio, and is to be found among the compositions of the French Fabliers. DOUCE.

P. 40, l. 13. *Vye and revye* were terms at cards, now superseded by the more modern word, *brag*. Our author has in another place, „time *revys* us," which has been more unnecessarily altered. The words were frequently used in a sense somewhat remote from their original one. In the famous trial of the seven bishops, the chief justice says, „We must not permit *vying and revying* upon one another." FARMER.

It appears from a passage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, that to *vie* was one of the terms used at the game of *Gleek* — „I *vie* it." — „I'll none of it;" — „nor I."

STEEVENS.

Vie and *Revie* were terms at *Primer*, the fashionable game in our author's time. MALONE.

P. 40, l. 15. — '*'tis a world to see,*] i. e. it is wonderful to see. This expression is often met with in old historians as well as dramatic writers.

STEEVENS.

P. 40, l. 17. *A meacock wretch* —] i. e. a timorous dastardly creature. STEEVENS.

P. 41, l. 24. — *counterpoints*,] These coverings for beds are at present called *counterpanes*; but either mode of spelling is proper.

Counterpoint is the monkish term for a particular species of musick, in which notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other.

In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently composed of patch work, and so contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions. STEEVENS.

Counterpoints were in ancient times extremely costly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the insurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they destroyed a coverlet, worth a thousand marks. MALONE.

P. 41, l. 25. I suppose by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-stitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domestick riches.

STEEVENS.

I suspect, the furniture of some kind of bed, in the form of a pavillion, was known by this name in our author's time. MALONE.

I conceive, the *pavillion*, or tent-bed, to have been an article of furniture unknown in the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

P. 41, l. 28. We may suppose that *pewter* was, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, too costly to be used in common. It appears from „The regulations and establishment of the household of Henry Algeron Percy, the fifth Earl of Northumberland,” etc. that vessels of *pewter* were hired by the year. *This household-book* was begun in the year 1512.

STEEVENS.

P. 42, l. 9 — 11. *Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!

My land amounts not to so much in all:

That she shall have: besides an argosy,] Though all copies concur in this reading, surely, if we examine the reasoning something will be found wrong. Gremio is startled at the high settlement Tranio proposes: says, his whole estate in land can't match it, yet he'll settle so much a year upon her, etc. This is playing at cross purposes. The change of the *negative* in the second line salves the absurdity, and sets the passage right. Gremio and Tranio vying in their offers to carry Bianca, the latter boldly proposes to settle land to the amount of two thousand ducats per annum. My whole estate, says the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value; yet she shall have *that*: I'll endow her with the *whole*: and consign a rich vessel to her use over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to out-bid his rival. **WARBURTON.**

Gremio only says, his whole estate in land doth not indeed amount to two thousand ducats a year, but she shall have that, whatever be its value, and an argosy over and above; which argosy must be understood to be of very great value from his sub-joining:

What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

HEATH.

P. 42, l. 15. A *galeas* or *galliass*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley. **STEEVENS.**

P. 42, l. 22. Gremio is *out-vied*.] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. When one man was *vied*

upon another, he was said to be *out-vied*.

STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 3. — young *gamester*,] Perhaps alluding to the pretended Lucentio's having before talk'd of *out-vying* him. MALONE.

Gamester, in the present instance, has no reference to gaming, and only signifies — a wag, a frolicksome character. STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 8. — I have *faced it with a card of ten*.] That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors. So that this became a proverbial expression.

So Ben Jonson, in his *Sad Shepherd*:

„— a *Hart of ten*

„I trow he be.”

i. e. an extraordinary good one. WARBURTON.

A hart of ten has no reference to *cards*, but is an expression taken from *The Laws of the Forest*, and relates to the age of the deer. When a hart is past six years old, he is generally called *a hart of ten*. See *Forest Laws*, 4to. 1598. As we are on the subject of *cards*, it may not be amiss to take notice of a common blunder relative to their names. We call the *king*, *queen*, and *knave*, *court-cards*, whereas they were anciently denominated *coats*, or *coat-cards*, from their *coats* or dresses.

STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 23. 24. But, wrangling pedant, *this is*
The patroness etc.] We should read,
with Sir T. Hanmer:

But, wrangling pedant, know this lady is.

RITSON.

P. 44, l. 4. *I am no breeching scholar* —] i. e. no school-boy liable to corporal correction.

STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 24. — that we might beguile *the old pantaloon*.] The old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

P. 45, l. 3. *Pedascule*,] He should have said, *Didascale*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedascule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*. WARBURTON.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakspeare's, it is more probable that *it lay in his way, and he found it*.

STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 4. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.] This and the seven verses that follow, have in all the editions been stupidly shuffled and misplaced to wrong speakers; so that every word said was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

P. 45, l. 5. 6. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Acacides*

Was Ajax, —] This is only said to deceive Hortensio who is supposed to listen. The pedigree of *Ajax*, however, is properly made out, and might have been taken from Golding's Version of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, Book XIII. STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 16. — for, *but* I be deceiv'd.] *But* has here the signification of *unless*. MALONE.

P. 46, last l. but one. — *full of spleen*;] That is, *full of humour, caprice, and inconstancy*. JOHNSON.

P. 48, l. 5. How a sword should have *two broken points*, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a transposition caused by the seeming relation of *point* to *sword*. I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced with two broken points; an old rusty sword — with a broken hilt, and chapeless*.

JOHNSON.

I suspect that several words giving an account of Petruchio's *belt* are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outside of the *doublet*. — *Two broken points* might therefore have

concluded the description of its ostentatious meanness. STEEVENS.

The *broken points* might be the two broken tags of the laces. TOLLET.

I suppose, the boots had been long left off, and after having been converted into cases to hold the ends of candels, returned to their first office.

STEEVENS.

P. 48, l. 9—11. *Fashions*. So called in the West of England, but by the best writers on farriery, *farcons*, or *farcy*.

Fives. So called in the West: *vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the French; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. GREY.

P. 48, l. 13. — ne'er-legg'd before,] i. e. founder'd in his fore-feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never a fore leg* to stand on. The subsequent words — „which, being restrain'd, to keep him from *stumbling*,” — seem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read — *near-legg'd* before; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horse.

P. 48, l. 17. *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr.

STEEVENS.

P. 48, l. 24. 25. — an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather:] This was some ballad or drollery at that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prik it up in his foot-boy's hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of old ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. In Shakspeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions, and he seems to have borne them a particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers,

with excellent humour. In *Much ado about Nothing*, he makes Benedick say, „Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen." As the bluntness would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Pandarus in his distress having repeated a very stupid stanza from an old ballad, says, with the highest humour, „There never was a truer rhyme; let's cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. We see it, we see it."

WARBURTON.

I have some doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been some ornament worn formerly in the hat. So Peacham, in his *Worth of a penny*, describing „an indigent and discontented soldat," says „he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a sword or rapier, that perhaps being somewhere in trouble; a *hat* without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for fashion-sake." This lackey therefore did not wear a common *fancy* in his hat, but some fantastical ornament, comprizing the humour of forty different fancies. Such, I believe, is the meaning.

A *fancy*, however, meant also a love-song or sonnet, or other poem. If the word was used here in this sense, the meaning is, that the lackey had stuck forty ballads together, and made something like a feather out of them. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton might have strengthened his supposition by observing, that the *Humour of Forty Fancies* was probably a collection of those short poems which are called *Fancies*, by Falstaff, in the Second Part of *H. Henry IV*: „—sung those tunes which he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they

were his *Fancies*, his good-nights." Chance, at some future period, may establish as a certainty what is now offered as a conjecture. A penny book, containing forty short poems, would, properly managed, furnish no unapt imitation of a plume of feathers for the hat of a humourist's servant.

STEEVENS.

P. 49, l. 31. Though in some part enforced *to digress*;] *to deviate* from my promise.

JOHNSON.

P. 50, l. 20. 21. *But, Sir, to her love concerneth us to add*

Her father's liking:] Mr. Theobald reads — *our love*. STEEVENS.

Our is an injudicious interpolation. The first folio reads — *But, Sir, love concerneth us to add, Her father's liking* — which, I think, should be thus corrected:

But Sir, to her love concerneth us to add Her father's liking. —

We must suppose, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here resumes the conversation, by observing, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father's consent*; and then goes on to propose a scheme for obtaining the latter.

TYRWHITT.

P. 51, l. 7. *As willingly as e'er I came from school.*] This is a proverbial saying. See Ray's *Collection*.

STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 28—31. *But after many ceremonies done, He calls for wine: etc. etc.*] It appears from this passage, and from one in *The History of the two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony.

In Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, the wine drunk on this occasion is called a „*knitting cup*.”

Again, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, by Middleton:

„Even when my lip touch'd the *contracting cup*.”

There was likewise a flower that borrowed its name from this ceremony:

„Bring sweet carnations, and *sops in wine*,
„Worne of paramours.”

Hobbinol's Dittie, etc. by Spenser.

Again, in the *Articles ordained by K. Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household*: Article — „For the Marriage of a Princess.” — Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to bee ready, and to bee putt into the cupps with *soppe*, and to bee borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke,” etc.

STEEVENS.

So, in an old canzonet on a wedding, set to musick by Morley, 1606:

„*Sops in wine*, spice-cakes are a dealing.”

FARMER.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding to be drunk by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of Queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester cathedral, 1554: „The trumpetts sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done: at which tyme, *wyne* and *sopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both.”. *Collect. Append.* Vol. IV. p. 400, edit. 1770.

T. WARTON.

I insert the following quotation merely to show that the custom remained in Shakspear's time. At the marriage of the Elector Palatine to King James's daughter in February, 1612, we are told by one who assisted at the ceremonial: „—In conclusion, a joy pronounced by the King and Queen, and seconded with congratulation of the lords there present, which crowned with draughts of *Ippocras* out of a great golden bowle, as an health to the prosperity of the marriage, (began by the Prince Palatine and answered by the Princess). After which were served up by six or seven barons so many bowles filled with wafers, so much of that work was consummate." *Finet's Philoxenis*, 1656, p. 11. REED.

This custom is of very high antiquity; for it subsisted among our Gothick ancestors. MALONE.

P. 52, l. 2. *And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,]* It appears from the following passage in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, that this was also part of the marriage ceremonial:

„The *hiss* thou gav'st me in the church,
here take. STEEVENS.

This also is a very ancient custom, as appears from the following rubrick, with which I was furnished by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle. „Surgant ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem à sacerdote, et ferat sponsae, *osculans eam*, et neminem alium, nec ipse, nec ipsa." *Manuale Sacrum*, Paris, 1535, 4to. fol. 69. MALONE.

P. 53, first l. — *the oats have eaten the horses.]* There is still a ludicrous expression used when horses have staid so long in a place as to have eaten more than they are worth — viz. that *their heads are to big for the stable-door*. I suppose Grumio has some such meaning. STEEVENS.

P. 53, l. 23. *My horse, my ox, my ass,*] Alluding to the tenth commandment: „— Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's *house*, — nor his *ox*, nor his *ass*, —” RITSON.

P. 54, l. 23. — was ever man so *ray'd*?] That is, was ever man so mark'd with lashes. JOHNSON.

It rather means *bewray'd*, i. e. made dirty.

TOLLET.

P. 54, l. 25. 26. — *were not I a little pot, and soon hot,*] This is a proverbial expression.

P. 55, l. 7. 8. — *fire, fire; cast on no water.* There is an old popular catch of three parts in these words:

„Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.

„Fire, fire; — Fire, fire;

„Cast on some more water.” BLACKSTONE.

P. 55, l. 11—13. „*Winter*, says Grumio, tames *man, woman, and beast*; for it has tamed my old master, my new mistress, and *myself*, fellow *Curtis*. — Away, you three inch fool, replies *Curtis*, *I am no beast*.” Why, asks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio called him one? he alters therefore *myself* to *thyself*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no necessity; if Grumio calls *himself* a *beast*, and *Curtis*, *fellow*; surely he calls *Curtis* a *beast*, likewise. Malvolio takes this sense of the word, „let this *fellow* be look'd to! — *Fellow!* not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow!*”

In Ben Jonson's *Case is Altered*, „What says my *Fellow Onion?*” quoth *Christophero*. — „All of a house, replies *Onion*, but not *fellows*.”

In the old play, called *The Return from Parnassus*, we have a curious passage, which shows the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning* of Shakspeare; this use of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe

are introduced to teach the university-men the art of acting, and are represented (particularly Kempe) as *leaden spouts — very illiterate*. „Few of the university (says Kempe) pen plays well; *they* smell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*: — why here's our *Fellow Shakspeare* puts them all down.“ FARMER.

The sentence delivered by Grumio, is proverbial: „Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast.“

See Ray's *Collection*.

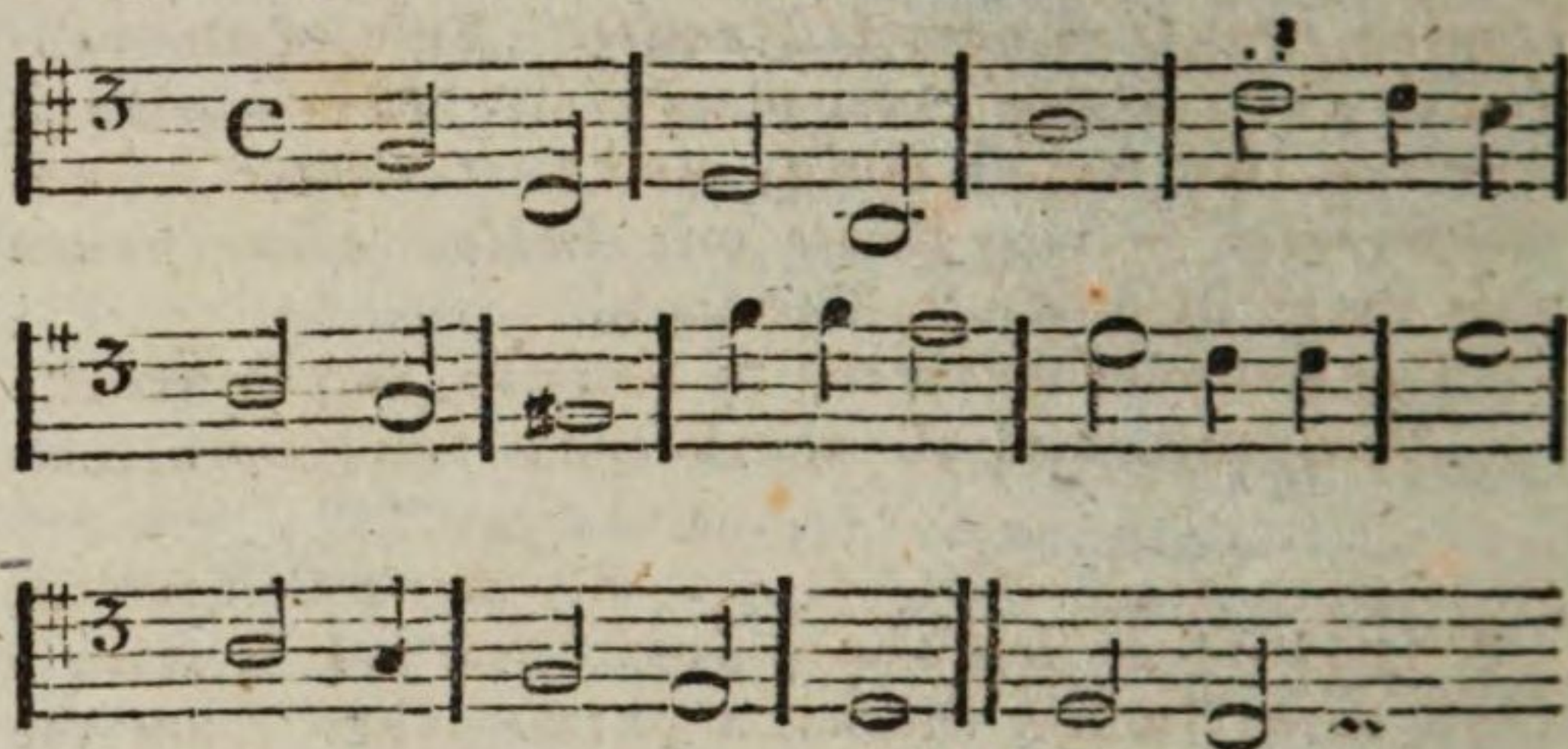
P. 55, l. 14. — you *three-inch fool!*] i. e. with a skull three inches thick; a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks. WARBURTON.

This contemptuous expression alludes to Grumio's diminutive size. He has already mentioned it himself: — „Now, were not I a *little pot* —.“ His answer likewise, „— and so *long* am I, at the least,“ — shows that this is the meaning, and that Dr. Warbuton was mistaken in supposing that these words allude to the *thickness* of Grumio's *skull*.

MALONE.

P. 55, l. 15—16. — *why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least.*] Though all the copies agree in this reading, Mr. Theobald says, yet he cannot find what horn Curtis had; therefore he alters it to *my horn*. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold. WARBURTON.

P. 55, l. 29. *Jack boy! ho boy!*] This is the beginning of an old round in three parts.



SIR J. HAWKINS.

P. 56, first l. *Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,*] i. e. are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants dress'd? But the Oxford editor alters it thus:

Are the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within?
What his conceit is in this, I confess I know not.

WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer's meaning seems to be this: „Are the men who are walking without the house to receive my master, dress'd; and the maids: who are waiting within dress'd too?"

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid servants*. The distinction made in the questions concerning them, was owing to this? The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside, like the leather. STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 2. — *the carpets laid,*] In our author's time it was customary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes. MALONE.

P. 56, l. 25. — how she was *bemoil'd*;) i. e. be-draggled; bemired. STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 31. — how her bridle was *burst*;) i. e. broken. So, in the first scene of this play. „You will not pay for the glasses you have *burst*?”

STEEVENS.

P. 57, l. 3. — *their blue coats brushed,*] The dress of servants at the time. So, in Decker's *Belman's Night's Walkes*: sig. E. 3: „— the other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their *serving men*, though indeed they be all fellowes.” REED.

P. 57, l. 4. — *and their garters of an indifferent*
knit:] What is the sense of this I know not, unless it means, that their *garters* should be *fellows: indifferent, or not different*, one from the other. JOHNSON.

Perhaps by „garters of an *indifferent* knit,” the author meant *particoloured* garters; garters of a *different* knit. In Shakspeare's time *indifferent* was sometimes used for *different*.

That garters of a *different* knit were formerly worn, appears from *TEXNOTAMIA, or the Mariages of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following stage direction occurs. „Phantastes in a branched velvet jerkin, — red silk stockings, and *parti-colour'd* garters.” MALONE.

P. 57, l. 23. *All things is ready*:] Though in general it is proper to correct the false concords that are found in almost every page of the old copy, here it would be improper; because the language suits the character. MALONE.

P. 58, l. 15. A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, says — „This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoak of an old linke*.” STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 22. *Where the life that late I led*] A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol somewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book intituled. „*A gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, London: 1578, 4to. is a song to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led*.”

RITSON.

This ballad was peculiarly suited to Petruchio's present situation: for it appears to have been descriptive of the state of a lover who had newly resigned his freedom. MALONE.

P. 58, l. 24. *Soud, soud,*] That is, *sweet, sweet*. *Soot*, and sometimes *sooth*, is *sweet*. So, in Milton, *to sing soothly*, is to sing sweetly. JOHNSON.

These words seem merely intended to denote the humming of a tune, or some kind of ejaculation, for which it is not necessary to find out a meaning.

M. MASON.

This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued. MALONE.

P. 58, l. 28. 29. *It was the friar of orders grey,*
etc.] Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas; a work, which at once demonstrates his own poetical abilities, as well as his

his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards. STEEVENS.

P. 59, first l. *And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:]* This cousin Ferdinand, who does not make his personal appearance on the scene, is mentioned, I suppose, for no other reason than to give Katharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his spaniel Troilus. STEEVENS.

P. 59, l. 7. Come, Kate, and *wash,*] It was the custom in our author's time, (and long before,) to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, as well as afterwards. So, in Ives's *Select Papers*, p. 139: „And after that the Queen [Elizabeth, the wife of K. Henry VII.] was returned and *washed*, the Archbishop said grace." Again, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: C. „The meate is coming, let us sit downe. S. I would wash first —. What ho, bring us some water to wash our hands. — Give me a faire, cleane and white towel." From the same dialogue it appears that it was customary to wash after meals likewise, and that setting the water on the table was then (as at present) peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland. „Bring some water (says one of the company) when dinner is ended, to wash our hands, and set the bacin upon the board, *after the English fashion*, that all may wash."

That it was the practice to wash the hands immediately before supper, as well as before dinner, is ascertained by the following passage in *The Fountayne of Fame, erected in an Orcharde of amorous adventures*, by Anthony Munday, 1580: „Then was our supper brought up very orderly, and she brought me *water to washe my handes*. And after I had washed, I sat downe, and she also; but concerning

what good cheere we had, I need not make good report." MALONE.

As our ancestors eat with their fingers, which might not be over clean before meals, and after them must be greasy, we cannot wonder at such repeated ablutions. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 17. 18. — *she must not be full gorg'd,*
For then she never looks upon her *lure*.] A hawk too much fed was never tractable.

The *lure* was only a thing stuffed like that kind of bird which the hawk was designed to pursue. The use of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 19. A *haggard* is a wild hawk; to man a hawk is to tame her. JOHNSON.

P. 60, l. 22. That *bate*, i. e. *flutter*. STEEVENS.

To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it swoops upon its prey. Minsheu supposes it to be derived either from *batre*, Fr. to beat, or from *s'abatre*, to descend. MALONE.

P. 60, l. 29. *Intend* is sometimes used by our author for *pretend*, and is, I believe, so used here.

P. 61, l. 20. Quick *proceeders*,] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. To *proceed* Master of Arts, etc. is the academical term. MALONE.

P. 63, l. 11. An ancient *angel* coming down the hill,] For *angel* Mr. Theobald, and after him Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, read *engle*. JOHNSON.

It is true that the word *enghle*, which Sir T. Hanmer calls a gull, (deriving it from *engluer*, Fr. to catch with bird-lime,) is sometimes used by Ben Jonson. It cannot, however, bear that meaning at present, as Biondello confesses his ignorance of the quality of the person who is afterwards persuaded to

represent the father of Lucentio. The precise meaning of it is not ascertained in Jonson, neither is the word to be found in any of the original copies of Shakspeare. I have also reason to suppose that the true import of the word *enghle* is such as can have no connection with this passage, and will not bear explanation.

Angel primitively signifies a *messenger*, but perhaps this sense is inapplicable to the passage before us. So, Ben Jonson, in *The Sad Shepherd*:

“— the dear good *angel* of the spring,

“The nightingale —.

And Chapman, in his translation of *Homer*, always calls a messenger an *angel*.

In *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, an old usurer is indeed called

“— old *angel* of gold.”

It is possible, however, that instead of *ancient angel*, our author might have written — *angel-merchant*, one whose business it was to negotiate money. He was afterwards called a *mercantantè*, and professes himself to be one who has bills of exchange about him. STEEVENS.

P. 63, l. 14. — a *mercantantè*, or a *pedant*,] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercantantè* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it spelt in the folio, were obliged to supply a syllable to make out the verse, which the Italian pronunciation renders unnecessary. A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: “He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a musician, seen in his lodgings.” STEEVENS.

Mercatantè,] So, Spenser, in the third Book of his *Fairy Queen*:

„Sleeves dependant Albanesè wise.”

And our author has *Veronesè* in his *Othello*.

FARMER.

Charon, the sage *Charon*, as Pope calls him, describes a *pedant*, as synonymous to a *household schoolmaster*, and adds a general character of the fraternity by no means to their advantage. REED.

P. 63, l. 15. 16. *I know not what; but formal in apparel,*

In gait and countenance surely like a father.] I know not what he is, says the speaker however, this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.

P. 65, l. 3. *To pass assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, „The common *assurances* of the realm,” because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him. So, in a subsequent scene of this act, „they are busied about a counterfeit *assurance*.” MALONE.

P. 65, l. 6. *Go with me, etc.]* There is an old comedy called *Supposes*, translated from Ariosto, by George Gascoigne. Thence Shakspeare borrowed this part of the plot, [as well as some of the phraseology] though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There likewise he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a *Scenaese*, as he is called, to personate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of government.

FARMER.

In the same play our author likewise found the name of *Licio*. MALONE.

P. 65, l. 30. — it is too *cholerick* a meat:] The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads — too *phlegmatik* a meat; which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Though I have not displaced the oldest reading, that of the second folio may be right. It prevents the repetition of *cholerick*, and preserves its meaning; for *phlegmatick*, irregularly derived from *Φλεγματώη*, might anciently have been a word in physical use, signifying *inflammatory*, as *phlegmonous* is at present. STEEVENS.

P. 66, l. 4. — *but the mustard is too hot a little.*] This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In *The Glass of Humors*, no date, p. 60, it is said, „But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are most obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a cholerick man to abstain from all salt, *scorched, dry meats*, from *mustard*, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours,” etc.

So Petruchio before objects to the over-roasted mutton. REED.

P. 66, l. 20. What, sweeting, *all amort?*] That is all sunk and dispirited. MALONE.

P. 66, l. 29. *And all my pains is sorted to no proof:*] And all my labour has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing. „We tried an experiment, but it *sorted* not.” Bacon. JOHNSON.

P. 67, l. 10. With ruffs and cuffs, and farthingales, and *things*;) Though

things is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to transpose the words *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement.

JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet must be answerable for it, as he had used it before, Act II. sc. v. when the rhyme did not force it upon him:

*We will have rings and things, and fine
array.*

A *thing* is a trifle too inconsiderable to deserve particular discrimination. STEEVENS.

P. 67, l. 15. In our poet's time, women's gowns were usually made by men. So, in the epistle to the Ladies, prefixed to *Euphues and his England*, by John Lyly, 1508: "If a *taylor* make your gown too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher; if too great, with a number of pleights; if too short, with a fair guard; if too long, with a false gathering." MALONE.

P. 67, l. 30. Shakspeare has here copied nature with great skill. Petruchio, by frightening, starving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submission. And the audience expects to hear no more of the shrew: when on her being crossed in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of her sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. WARBURTON.

P. 68, l. 5. A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard. STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 14. *Censers* in barber's shops are now disused, but they may easily be imagined to have been vessels which, for the emission of the smoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interstices.

JOHNSON.

I learn from an ancient print, that these *cen-sers* resembled in shape our modern *brasieres*. They had pierced convex covers, and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on.

STEEVENS.

P. 63, l. 31. 32. *O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,*

Thou thimble,] We should only read:

O monstrous arrogance! thou liest, thou thimble.

He calls him afterwards—a skein of *thread*. RITSON.

The tailor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged English, liable to sarcasms and contempt. JOHNSON.

P. 69, first l. Or I shall so be-*mete* thee —] i. e. be-measure thee. STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 11. Thou hast *faced many things.*] i. e. turned up many gowns, etc. with *facings*, etc.

STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 13. — thou hast *brav'd many men;*] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dress. STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 16. This scene appears to have been borrowed from a story of Sir Philip Caulthorp, and John Drakes, a silly shoemaker of Norwich, which is related in Leigh's *Accidence of Armorie*, and in Camden's *Remaines*. DOUCE.

P. 69, l. 23. If ever I said *loose-bodied gown,*] I think the joke is impair'd, unless we read with the original play already quoted — a *loose bodied gown*. It appears, however, that *loose-bodied gowns* were the dress of *harlots*. STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 27. A *compass'd cape* is a round cape. To *compass* is to come round. JOHNSON.

Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, a circular bow window is called a — *compassed* window.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1565, gives a most elaborate description of the gowns of women; and adds, „Some have *capés* reaching down to the midst of their backs, faced with velvet, or else with some fine wrought taffata, at the least, fringed about, very bravely.” STEEVENS.

So, in the Register of Mr. Henslowe, proprietor of the Rose theatre, „3 of June 1594. Lent, upon a womanes gowne of villet in grayne, with a velvet *cape* imbroidered with bugelles, for xxxvi s.”

MALONE.

P. 70, l. 3. — take thou the *bill*,] The same quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-soldiers, is to be met with in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

P. 70, l. 4. — thy *mete-yard*,] i. e. thy measuring-yard. STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 17. I cannot but think that the direction about the Tinker, who is always introduced at the ends of the acts, together with the change of the scene, and the proportion of each act to the rest, make it probable that the fifth act begins here.

JOHNSON.

P. 71, l. 26. *We were lodgers at the Pegasus*. This line has in all the editions hitherto been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no propriety speak this, either in his assumed or real character. Lucentio was too young to know any thing of lodging with his father, twenty years before at Genoa: and Tranio must be as much too young, or very unfit to represent and personate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the line to the Pedant, to whom it must certainly belong, and is a sequel of what he was before saying. THEOBALD.

Shakspeare has taken a sign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua*:

„Meet me an hour hence at the sign of the *Pegasus* in Cheapside.” *Return from Parnassus*, 1606.

The *Pegasus* is the arms of the Middle-Temple; and, from that circumstance, became a popular sign. STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 29. *Curious* is scrupulous. So, in Holinshed, p. 838: „The emperor obeying more compassion than the reason of things, was not *curious* to condescend to performe so good an office.” STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 3. And *pass* my daughter a sufficient dower,] To *pass* is, in this place, synonymous to *assure* or *convey*; as it sometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchase deed, that the granter has power to bargain, sell, etc. „and thereby to *pass* and convey” the premises to the grantee. RITSON.

P. 73, l. 8. We be *affied*;] i. e. betrothed.

STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 13. And, happily, we might be interrupted.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope reads:

And haply then we might be interrupted.

STEEVENS.

Happily, in Shakspeare's time, signified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. It is rather surprising, that an editor should be guilty of so gross a corruption of his author's language, for the sake of *modernizing his orthography*. TYRWHITT.

P. 73, l. 27. — but *get thee gone*.] It seems odd management to make Lucentio go out here for nothing that appears, but that he may *return* again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to suppose that he lingers upon the stage, till the rest are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myself of the regulation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. STEEVENS.

P. 74, l. 2. — or moral —] i. e. the secret purpose.
MALONE.

P. 74, l. 16. — *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*;] It is scarce necessary to observe that these are the words which commonly were put on books where an exclusive right had been granted for printing them. REED.

P. 74, l. 17. — to the church;] i. e. go to the church, etc. TYRWHITT.

P. 75, l. 21. The humour of this scene bears a very striking resemblance to what Mons. Bernier tells us of the Mogul Omrahs, who continually bear in mind the Persian proverb, „If the King saith at noon-day it is night, you are to behold the moon and the stars.” *History of the Mogul Empire*, Vol. IV. p. 45. DOUCE.

P. 76, l. 23—25. — — — *my mistaking eyes
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:*] Shakspeare's observations on the phaenomena of nature are very accurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on opticks. BLACKSTONE.

P. 79, l. 4. — his father is come *from Pisa*,] The reading of the old copies is from *Padua*; which is certainly wrong. The editors have made it *to Padua*; but it should rather be *from Pisa*. Both parties agree that Lucentio's father is *come from Pisa*, as indeed they necessarily must; the point in dispute is, whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out of the window*. TYRWHITT.

I suspect we should read—from *Māntua*, whence the pedant himself came, and which he would naturally name, supposing he forgot, as might well happen, that the real Vincentio was of Pisa. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Padua* and *Verona* occur in two different scenes, instead of *Milan*.

MALONE.

P. 80, l. 6. — and a *copatain hat!*] Is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well-dressed men. JOHNSON.

This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne.

In Stubb's *Anatomie of Abuses*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter „on the hattes of England,” beginning thus:

„Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the speare or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads, etc. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 2. — *coney-catch'd* in this business;] i. e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 23. While counterfeit *supposes* *blear'd thine eyne,*] The modern editors read *supposers*, but wrongly. This is a plain allusion to Gascoigne's comedy entitled *Supposes*, from which several of the incidents in this play are borrowed. TYRWHITT.

This is highly probable; but yet *supposes* is a word often used in its common sense, which, on the present occasion is sufficiently commodious. It appears likewise from the Preface to Greene's *Metamorphosis*, that *supposes* was a game of some kind. „After *supposes*, and such ordinary sports, were past, they fell to prattle, etc.

To *blear the eye*, was an ancient phrase signifying to deceive. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 24. Here's *packing*,] i. e. plotting, underhand contrivance. STEEVENS.

P. 82, l. 11. *My cake is dough*:] This is a proverbial expression which also occurs in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*:

„Alas poor Tom, *his cake is dough*.”

STEEVENS.

It was generally used when any project miscarried.

MALONE.

Rather when any disappointment was sustained, contrary to every appearance or expectation. Howell in one of his letters, mentioning the birth of Lewis the Fourteenth, says — „The Queen is delivered of a Dauphin, the wonderfulest thing of this kind that any story can parallel, for this is the three-and-twentieth year since she was married, and hath continued childless all this while. So that now Monsieur's *cake is dough*.” REED.

P. 83, l. 5. A *banquet*, or (as it is called in some of our old books) an *afterpast*, was a slight refection, like our modern desert, consisting of cakes, sweet-meats, and fruit. STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 14. 15. — — Hortensio *fears* his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be *afear'd*.] To *fear*, as has been already observed, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow understands the word in the latter sense; and Petruchio tells her, he used it in the former.

MALONE.

P. 83, last l. A hundred marks, my Kate does *put her down*. This passage will be best explained by another, in *Much ado about Nothing*: „Lady, you have *put him down*. — So I would not *he should do me*, my Lord, lest I should prove *the mother of fools*.” STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 23. — *swift*—] besides the original sense of *speedy in motion*, signified *witty, quick-witted*. So, in *As you Like it*, the Duke says of the Clown, „He is very *swift* and sententious.” *Quick* is now used in almost the same sense as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin says of Hales, than *he had known Laud for a nimble disputant*. JOHNSON.

P. 84, l. 27. A *gird* is a *sarcasm* a *gibe*.

STEEVENS.

P. 87, l. 9. Hath cost me an *hundred* crowns—] Old copy — *five* hundred. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the MS. from which our author's plays were printed, probably numbers were always expressed in figures, which has been the occasion of many mistakes in the early editions. MALONE.

P. 88, l. 14. — *our soft conditions*,] The gentle qualities of our minds. MALONE.

P. 88, l. 23. Then *vail your stomachs*,] i. e. abate your pride, your spirit. STEEVENS.

P. 88, last l. We three are married, but *you two are sped*,] i. e. the fate of you both is decided; for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience. STEEVENS.

P. 89, first l. 'Twas I won the wager, though you *hit the white*;] To hit the *white* is a phrase borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

The following are the observations of Dr. Hurd on the Induction to this comedy. They are taken from his *Notes on the Epistle to Augustus*: „The Induction, as Shakspeare calls it, to *The Taming of the Shrew*, deserves for the excellence of its moral

design and beauty of execution, throughout, to be set in a just light.

„This *Prologue* sets before us the picture of a *poor drunken beggar*, advanced, for a short season, into the proud rank of *nobility*. And the humour of the scene is taken to consist in the surprise and awkward deportment of *Sly*, in this his strange and unwonted situation. But the poet had a further design, and more worthy his genius, than this farcical pleasantry. He would expose, under cover of this mimic fiction, the truly ridiculous figure of men of rank and quality, when they employ their great advantages of *place and fortune*, to no better purposes, than the soft and selfish gratification of their own intemperate passions: Of *those*, who take the mighty privilege of *descent and wealth* to live in the freer indulgence of those pleasures, which the beggar as fully enjoys, and with infinitely more propriety and consistency of character, than their *Lordships*.

„To give a poignance to his satire, the poet makes a *man of quality* himself, just returned from the chace, with all his mind intent upon his pleasures, contrive this metamorphosis of the beggar, in the way of sport and derision only; not considering, how severely the jest was going to turn upon himself. His first reflections, on seeing this brutal drunkard, are excellent:

„O! monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

„Grim death! how foul and loathsome is thy image!”

„The offence is taken at *human nature*, degraded into *bestiality*; and at a state of stupid *insensibility*, the image of death. Nothing can be juster, than this representation. For these lordly sensualists have

a very nice and fastidious abhorrence of such ignoble brutality. And what alarms their fears with the prospect of death, cannot choose but present *a foul and loathsome image*. It is, also, said in perfect consistency with the true Epicurean character, as given by these, who understood it best, and which is, here, sustained by this noble disciple. For, though these great masters of wisdom made *pleasure the supreme good*, yet, they were among the first, as we are told, to cry out against the *Asotos*; meaning such gross sensualists, „qui in mensam vomunt et qui de conviviiis auferuntur, crudique postridie se rursus ingurgitant.” But as for the „mundos, elegantes, optumis cocis, pistoribus, piscatu, aucupio, venatione, his omnibus exquisitis, vitantes cruditatem,” these they complimented with the name of *beatos* and *sapientes*. [Cic. *de Fin.* lib. ii. 8.]

„And then, though their philosophy promised an exemption from the terrors of death, yet the boasted exemption consisted only in a trick of keeping it out of the memory by continual dissipation; so that when accident forced it upon them, they could not help, on all occasions, expressing the most dreadful apprehensions of it.

„However, this transient gloom is soon succeeded by gayer prospects. My *lord* bethinks himself to raise a little diversion out of this adventure:

„Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man:” And, so, proposes to have him *conveyed to bed*, and blessed with all those regalements of costly luxury; in wick a selfish opulence is wont to find its supreme happiness.

„The project is carried into execution. And now the jest begins. *Sly*, awakening from his drunken nap, calls out as usual for a *cup of ale*. On which the *lord*, very characteristically, and (taking the

poet's design, as here explained) with infinite satyr, replies:

„O! that a mighty man of such descent,
 „Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
 „Should be infused with so foul a spirit!”

„And again, afterwards:

„Oh! noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
 „Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment;
 ment;

And banish hence these lowly abject themes.”
 For, what is the recollection of this *high descent* and large *possessions* to do for him? And, for the introduction of what better thoughts and nobler purposes, are these *lowly abject themes* to be discarded? Why the whole inventory of Patrician pleasures is called over; and he hath his choice of whichever of them suits best with his lordship's improved palate. A long train of *servants ready at his beck*: musick, such as *twenty caged nightingales do sing*: couches, *softer and sweeter than the lustful bed of Semiramis*: *burning odours, and distilled waters*: *floors bestrewed with carpets*: the diversions of *hawks, hounds, and horses*: in short, all the objects of exquisite indulgence are presented to him.

„But among these, one species of refined enjoyment, which requires a taste, above the coarse breeding of abject commonalty, is chiefly insisted on. We had a hint, of what we were to expect, before:

„Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
 „And hang it round with all my wanton
 pictures.” Sc. ii.

And what lord, in the luxury of his wishes, could feign to himself a more delicious collection, than is here delineated?

2 Man.

2 *Man.* Dost thou love *pictures*? We will fetch thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook;

And *Cytherea* all in sedges hid:

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid;

And how she was beguiled and surprised,

As lively painted, as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne*, roaming through a thorny wood;

Scratching her legs, that one should swear she bleeds:

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

These pictures, it will be owned, are, all of them, well chosen. But the servants were not so deep in the secret, as their master. They dwell entirely on circumstantial. While his lordship, who had, probably, been trained in the *chast* school of Titian, is for coming to the point more directly. There is a fine ridicule implied in this.

„After these incentives of *picture*, the charms of *beauty itself* are presented, as the crowning privilege of his high station:

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waning age.

Here indeed the poet plainly forgets himself. The *state*, if not the *enjoyment*, of nobility, surely demanded a *mistress*, instead of a *wife*. All that can be said in excuse of this indecorum, is, that he perhaps conceived, a simple beggar, all unused to the refinements of high life, would be too much shocked, at setting out, with a proposal, so remote from all his former practices. Be it, as it will, *beauty* even in a *wife*, had such an effect on this

mock Lord, that, quite melted and overcome by it, he yields himself at last to the enchanting deception:

I see, I hear, I speak;

I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—

Upon my life, I am a Lord indeed.'

The satyr is so strongly marked in this last line, that one can no longer doubt of the writer's intention. If any *should*, let me further remind him that the poet, in this fiction, but makes his Lord play the same game, *in jest*, as the Sicilian tyrant acted, long ago, very *seriously*. The two cases are so similar, that some readers may, perhaps, suspect the poet of having taken the whole conceit from Tully. His description of this instructive scenery is given in the following words:

„Visne (inquit Dionysius) ô Damocle, quoniam te haec vita delectat, ipse eandem degustare et fortunam experiri meam? Cum se ille cupere dixisset, conlocari jussit hominem in *aureo lecto*, *strato pulcherrimo*, *textili stragulo magnificis operibus picto*: abacosque complures ornavit *argento auroque caelato*: hinc ad mensam *eximia forma pueros delectos* jussit consistere, eosque *nutum illius intuentes diligenter ministrare*: aderant *unguenta, coronae*: *incendebantur odores*: *mensae exquisitissimis epulis extruebantur*,” [Tusc. Disp. Lib. V. 21.]

It follows, that *Damocles* fell into the sweet delusion of *Christophero Sly*.

Fortunatus sibi Damocles videbatur.

„The event in these two dramas was, indeed, different. For the philosopher took care to make the *flatterer* sensible of his mistake; while the poet did not think fit to disabuse the *beggar*. But this was according to the design of each. For, the

former would show the *misery* of *regal luxury*; the *latter* its *vanity*. The *tyrant*, therefore, is painted *wretched*. And his *Lordship* only a *beggar* in *disguise*.

„To conclude with our poet. The strong ridicule and decorum of this *Induction* makes it appear, how impossible it was for Shakspeare, in his idlest hours, perhaps, when he was only revising the trash of others, not to leave some strokes of the *master* behind him. But the morality of its purpose should chiefly recommend it to us. For the whole was written with the best design of exposing that monstrous Epicurean position, *that the true enjoyment of life consists in a delirium of sensual pleasure*. And this, in a way the most likely to work upon the *great*, by showing their pride, that it was fit only to constitute the *summum bonum* of one

„No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.”

Sc. iii.

„Nor let the poet be thought to have dealt too freely with his *bettors*, in giving this representation of *nobility*. He had the highest authority for what he did. For the great *master of life* himself gave no other of *Divinity*.

„*Ipse pater veri Doctus Epicurus in arte*

„*Jussit et hanc vitam dixit habere Deos.*”

Petron. c. 132. STEEVENS.

The circumstance on which the *Induction* to the anonymous play, as well as that to the present comedy, is founded, is related (as Langbaine has observed) by Heuterus, *Rerum Burgund. Lib. IV.* The earliest English original of this story in prose that I have met with, is the following, which is found in Goulart's ADMIRABLE AND MEMORABLE HISTORIES, translated by E. Grimstone, quarto, 1607; but this tale (which Goulart translated from Heu-

terus) had undoubtedly appeared in English, in some other shape, before 1594:

„PHILIP called the good Duke of *Bourgundy*, in the memory of our ancestors, being at *Bruxells* with his Court, and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favorites, he found lying upon the stones a certaine artisan that was very dronke, and that slept soundly. It pleased the Prince in this artisan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused this sleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of his richest beds; a riche night-cap to be given him; his foule shirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard had digested his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Dukes chamber, who drawe the curteines, and make many courtesies, and, being bare-headed, aske him if it please him to rise, and what apparell it would please him to put on that day. — They bring him rich apparell. The new *Monsieur* amazed at such courtesie, and doubting whether he dreamt or waked, suffered himself to be drest, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Masse, where with great ceremonie they gave him the booke of the Gospell, and the Pixe to kisse, as they did usually to the Duke. From the Masse, they bring him backe unto the pallace; he washes his hands, and sittes downe at the table well furnished. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commandes cardes to be brought, with a greate summe of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the

gardein and to hunt the hare, and to hawke. They bring him backe unto the pallace where he sups in state. Candles being light, the musitions begin to play; and, the tables taken way, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleasant Comedie*, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had presently store of Ipocras and pretious wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this Prince of the new impression; so has he was dronke, and fell soundlie asleep. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he should be disrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his olde ragges, and carried into the same place where he had beene found the night before; where he spent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before; — he knewe not whether it were true indeede, or a dreame that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many discourses, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him; and so entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehension." MALONE.

From this play the *Tatler* formed a story, Vol. IV. No. 231.

„THERE are very many ill habits that might with much ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become incorrigible. We have a sort of proverbial expression, of *taking a woman down in her wedding shoes*, if you would bring her to reason. An early behaviour of this sort, had a very remarkable good effect in a family wherein I was several years an intimate acquaintance.

„A gentleman in Lincolnshire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her sisters, either in person or accomplishments, had

from her infancy discovered so imperious a temper, (usually called a high spirit,) that it continually made great uneasiness in the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all lovers from declaring themselves. However, in process of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance having observed that quickness of spirit to be her only fault, made his addresses, and obtained her consent in due form. The lawyers finished the writings, (in which, by the way, there was no pin-money,) and they were married. After a decent time spent in the father's house, the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for her reception. During the whole course of his courtship, though a man of the most equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her to understand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that constitution in himself. She at the same time thought herself highly obliged by the composed behaviour which he maintained in her presence. Thus far he with great success soothed her from being guilty of violences, and still resolved to give her such a terrible apprehension of his fiery spirit, that she should never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home; but instead of a coach and six horses, together with the gay equipage suitable to the occasion, he appeared without a servant, mounted on a skeleton of a horse, which his huntsman had the day before brought in to feast his dogs on the arrival of his new mistress, with a pillion fixed behind, and a case of pistols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but some-

what positive manner), desired his lady to seat herself on the cushion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obstructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the master, to show the impatience of his temper, drew a pistol and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand apologies for his unhappy rathness, and begged as many pardons for his excesses before one for whom he had so profound a respect. Soon after their steed stumbled, but with some difficulty recovered; however the bridegroom took occasion to swear, if he frightened his wife so again, he woul run him through! And alas! the poor animal being now almost tired, made a second trip; immediately on which the careful husband alights, and with great ceremony, first takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his sword, and saves the huntsman the trouble of killing him: then says to his wife, Child, pr'ythee, take up the saddle; which she readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greatest order, suitable to their fortune and the present occasion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their husbands, where when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen passing a toast about, our last married man took occasion to observe to the rest of his brethren, how much, to his great satisfaction, he found the world mistaken as to the temper of his lady, for that she was the most meek and humble woman breathing. The applause was received with a loud laugh; but as a trial which of them would appear the most master at home, he proposed they should all by turns send for their wives down to them. A servant was dispatched, and answer made

by one, 'Tell him I will come by and by;' and another, 'That she would come when the cards were out of her hand;' and so on. But no sooner was her husband's desire whispered in the ear of our last married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down she comes with, 'My dear, would you speak with me?' He received her in his arms, and, after repeated caresses, tells her the experiment, confesses his good-nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her temper, he would no longer disguise his own."

I cannot but seem strange that Shakspeare should be so little known to the author of the *Tatler*, that he should suffer this story to be obtruded upon him: or so little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it pass upon his readers as a real narrative of a transaction in Lincolnshire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himself whence the story was taken, or hoped that he might rob so obscure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharina and Petruchio is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

NOTES TO THE
WINTER'S TALE.

* * * This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

*Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.*

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgement of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection.

WARBURTON.

At Stationers' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered „A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Pastime.*” STEEVENS.

The story of this play is taken from *The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

In this novel, the King of Sicilia whom Shakspeare names

Leontes, is called ——— Egistus.

Polixenes K. of Bohemia ——— Pandosto.

Mamillius P. of Sicilia	—	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia	—	Dorastus.
Camillo	—	Franion.
Old Shepherd	—	Porrus.

Hermione	—	Bellaria.
Perdita	—	Faunia.
Mopsa	—	Mopsa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's own invention; but many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play.

STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, by "some of great name," means Dryden and Pope. See the Essay at the end of the Second Part of *The Conquest of Granada*: "Witness the lameness of their plots; [the plots of Shakspeare and Fletcher;] many of which, especially those which they wrote first, (for even that age refined itself in some measure,) were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, [and here, by-the-by, Dryden expressly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as *The Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the same ill-considered judgement on the play before us. "I should conjecture (says he) of some of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *THE WINTER'S TALE*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only some characters, single

scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been more censured for the breach of dramattick rules than *The Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place — „that Shakspeare was not ignorant of these rules, but disregarded them," — it may be observed, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once universally read and admired, Sir Philip Sidney, who in his *Defence of Poesy*, 1595, has pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: „But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Affricke of the other, and so manie other under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. — Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

The Winter's Tale is sneered at by B. Jonson, in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: „If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, nor a nest of antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his play, like those that beget TALES, *Tempests*, and such like drolleries." By the *nest of antiques*, the twelve satyrs who are introduced at the sheepshearing festival, are alluded to. — In his conversation with Mr. Drummond of

Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another stroke at his *beloved* friend: „He [Jonson] said, that Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonson, *The Winter's Tale* was not printed. These words therefore are a sufficient answer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle supposition that *Bohemia* was an error of the press for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakspeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia*: but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was *apt to believe* that *Dorastus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play; but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588. — Cervantes ridicules these geographical mistakes when he makes the Princess Micomicona land at Ossuna. — Corporal Trim's King of Bohemia „delighted in navigation, and had never a sea-port in his dominions;" and my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay „upon the sea?" — There is a similar mistake in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan.

FARMER.

The *Winter's Tale* may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakspeare, though not one of his

numerous criticks and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Ann Boleyn. The address of the poet appeared no-where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the Queen to nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says:

„— for honour,

„'Tis a derivative from me to mine,

„And only that I stand for.”

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the King before her execution, where she pleads for the infant Princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young Prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as Queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born Princess, and her likeness to her father, says: „*She has the very trick of his frown.*” There is one sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child tells the King:

„—— 'Tis yours;

„And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

„So like you, 'tis the worse.” ——

The Winter's Tale was therefore in reality a second part of *Henry the Eighth*. MALONE.

P. 93, line 14. 15. *Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves:]* Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us. JOHNSON.

P. 94, l. 13. — *royally attorney'd,*] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, etc. JOHNSON.

P. 94, l. 16. — *and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.]* Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country. HENLEY.

P. 94, l. 25. — one that, indeed, *physicks the subject,*] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery.

JOHNSON.

P. 95, l. 18. 19. —— that may blow

No sneaping winds ——] Dr Warburton calls this nonsense: and Dr. Johnson tells us it is a *Gallicism*. It happens however to be both *sense* and *English*. That, for *Oh! that* — is not uncommon,

In an old translation of the famous *Alcoran of the Franciscans*: „St. Francis observing the holiness of friar Juniper, said to the priors, *That* I had a wood of such Junipers!" And, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*:

„—— In thy rumination,

„*That* I poor man might eftsoons come between!"

And so in other places.* This is the construction of the passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

„*That* runaway's eyes may wink!"

Which in other respects Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted. FARMER.

— sneaping winds —] *Nipping* winds.

HOLT WHITE.

P. 95, l. 19. 20. — — — to make us say,

This is put forth too truly!] i. e. to make me say, *I had too good reason for my fears* concerning what might happen in my absence from home. MALONE.

P. 96, l. 12. 13. All in Bohemia's well: *this satisfaction,*

The by-gone day proclaim'd;] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

P. 96, l. 23. — — *I'll give him my commission*] We should read:

—— *I'll give you my commission,*

The verb *let*, or *hinder*, which follows, shows the necessity of it: for she could not say she would give her husband a commission to *let* or *hinder* himself. The commission is given to Polixenes, to whom she is speaking to let or hinder her husband.

WARBURTON.

„I'll give him my licence of absence, so as to obstruct or retard his departure for a month," etc. To let *him*, however, may be used as many other

reflective verbs are by Shakspeare, for to let or hinder *himself*; then the meaning will be, „I'll give him my permission to tarry for a month," etc. Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors read, I think, without necessity, — I'll give *you* my commission, etc. MALONE.

P. 96, l. 24. To let him there a month, behind the *gest*] Mr. Theobald says: *he can neither trace, nor understand the phrase*, and therefore thinks it should be *just*: But the word *gest* is right, and signifies a stage or journey. In the time of *royal progresses* the King's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *gests*; from the old French word *giste*, *diversorium*.

WARBURTON.

Gests, or rather *gists*, from the Fr. *giste*, (which signifies both a bed, and a lodging-place,) were the names of the houses or towns where the King or Prince intended to lie every night during his PROGRESS. They were written in a scroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furnished with a copy. MALONE.

P. 96, l. 25. — *yet*, good-deed,] signifies *indeed*, *in very deed*, as Shakspeare in another place expresses it. *Good deed* is used in the same sense by the Earl of Surry, Sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne.

Dr. Warburton would read — good *heed*, — meaning — take good heed. STEEVENS.

The second folio reads — *good heed*, which, I believe, is right. TYRWHITT.

P. 96, l. 26. A *jar* is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call the *ticking* of it.

STEEVENS.

A

A *jar* perhaps means a minute, for I do not suppose that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the seconds. TOLLET.

To *jar* certainly means to *tick*, as in T. Heywood's *Troia Brittannica*, cant. IV. st. 107; edit. 1609. „He *hears* no waking-clocke, nor watch to *jarre*.” HOLT WHITE.

P. 97, l. 16. You were pretty *lordings* —] This diminutive of *lord* is often used by Chaucer.

STEEVENS.

P. 97, l. 30. 31. — — *the imposition clear'd,*

Hereditary ours.] i. e. setting aside *original sin*; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to heaven. WARBURTON.

P. 98, l. 3—9. *Grace to boot!*

Of this make no conclusion; etc.] Polixenes had said, that since the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown to them*; for that, in that interval, the two Queens were become women. To each part of this observation the Queen answers in order. To that of *temptation* she replies, *Grace to boot!* i. e. though temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. *Grace to boot*, was a proverbial expression on these occasions. To the other part, she replies, as for *our* tempting you, pray take heed you draw no conclusion from thence, for that would be making your Queen and me devils, etc.

WARBURTON.

This explanation may be right; but I have no great faith in the existence of such a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might seem to be sullied by a

species of argument that made them appear to have led their husbands into temptation. MALONE.

P. 98, l. 24. 25. — — — — — *ere*

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;
Thus this passage has been always printed; whence it appears, that the editors did not take the poet's conceit. They imagined that, *But to th' goal*, meant, *but to come to the purpose*; but the sense is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus:

— — — — — *ere*

With spur we heat an acre, but to the goal.
i. e. good usage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we stop short, even there where both our interest and our inclination would otherwise have carried us. WARBURTON.

I have followed the old copy, the pointing of which appears to afford as apt a meaning as that produced by the change recommended by Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

P. 98, l. 33. 34. *Ere I could make thee open thy
white hand,*

And clap thyself my love;] She open'd her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase — *to clap up a bargain* i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands.

STEEVENS.

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakspeare often alludes.

MALONE.

P. 98, last l. *It is Grace, indeed.*] Referring to what she had just said — „O, would her name were *Grace*!” MALONE.

P. 99, l. 10. — — *from bounty, fertile bosom,*] I suppose that a letter dropped out at the press, and would read — *from bounty's fertile bosom.*

MALONE.

By *fertile bosom*, I suppose, is meant a bosom like that of the earth, which yields a spontaneous produce. STEEVENS.

P. 99, l. 15. *The mort o'the deer;*] A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer.

THEOBALD.

P. 99, l. 19. *I'fecks?*] A supposed corruption of—*in faith*. Our present vulgar pronounce it—*fegs*.

STEEVENS.

P. 99, l. 20. — that's my *bawcock*.] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*.

STEEVENS.

P. 99, l. 23. *We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly,*] Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, *we must be neat*; then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he says, *not neat, but cleanly*. JOHNSON.

P. 99, l. 25. — Still *virginalling*] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*.

JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord. STEEVENS.

A *virginal* was strung like a spinnet, and shaped like a *piano forte*. MALONE.

P. 99, l. 30. Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the shoots
that I have,] *Pash*
(says Sir T. Hanmer) is *kiss*. *Paz*. Spanish, i. e.
thou want'st a mouth made rough by a beard,

to kiss with. Shoots are *branches*, i. e. horns. Leontes is alluding to the ensings of cuckoldom. A mad-brain'd boy is, however, call'd a mad *pash* in Cheshire. STEEVENS.

Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the *shoots* that I have, in connection with the context, signifies — *to make thee a calf thou must have the tuft on thy forehead and the young horns that shoot up in it, as I have.*

When in Cheshire a *pash* is used for a *mad-brained boy*, it is designed to characterize him from the wantonness of a calf that blunders on, and runs his head against any thing. HENLEY.

I have lately learned that *pash* in Scotland signifies a *head*. The old reading therefore may stand. Many words, that are now used only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole island of Great Britain, or at least to the northern part of England. The meaning therefore of the present passage, I suppose, is this. *You tell me* (says Leontes to his son) *that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the horned bull: thou wantest the rough head and the horns of that animal, completely to resemble your father.* MALONE.

P. 99, l. 32. *Full* is here as in other places, used by our author, adverbially; — to be *entirely* like me. MALONE.

P. 99, last line but one. *As o'er-died blacks,*] Sir T. Hanmer understands blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

It is common with tradesmen to die their faded or damaged stuffs, black. *O'er died blacks* may mean those which have received a die over their former colour.

It seems that *blacks* was the common term for mourning.

Black, however, will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it. „*Lanarum nigrae nullum colorem bibunt.*”

Plin. *Nat. Hist.* Lib. VIII. STEEVENS.

The following passage in a book which our author had certainly read, inclines me to believe that the last is the true interpretation. „Truly (quoth Camillo) my wool was *blacke*, and therefore it could take no other colour..” Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580. MALONE.

P. 100, first l. *Bourn* is boundary. STEEVENS.

P. 100, l. 3. — *welkin-eye*:] *Blue-eye*; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin* or sky.

JOHNSON.

P. 100, l. 6. *Affection! thy intention stabs the center*:] *Affection*, I believe, signifies *imagination*. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expresses it, „when the mind with great earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, considers it on every side, and will not be called off by the ordinary solicitation of other ideas.” This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontes so deeply, or, in Shakspeare's language, — *stabs him to the center*. STEEVENS.

Intention, in this passage, means eagerness of attention, or of desire; and is used in the same sense in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Falstaff says — „She did so course o'er my exteriors, with such a greedy *intention*.” etc. M. MASON.

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affection* means here *imagination*, or perhaps more accurately, „the disposition of the mind when strongly *affected* or possessed by a particular idea.” MALONE.

P. 100, l. 7. *Thou dost make possible, things not so held*, i. e. thou

dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible. JOHNSON.

To express the speaker's meaning, it is necessary to make a short pause after the word *possible*. I have therefore put a comma there though perhaps in strictness it is improper. MALONE.

P. 100, l. 10. — *credent*,] i. e. credible.

STEEVENS.

P. 100, l. 18. *What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?*] This

line, which in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attributed to Polixenes, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hanmer made the same emendation. MALONE.

P. 100, l. 32. A *squash* is a pea-pod, in that state when the young peas begin to swell in it.

HENLEY.

P. 100, l. 33. *Will you take eggs for money?*]

This seems to be a proverbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance. Its original, or precise meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's nest; he therefore that has eggs laid in his nest is said to be *cucullatus*, *cuckow'd*, or *cuckold*.

JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you do not affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. Mam. *No, my Lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

Leontes seems only to ask his son if he would fly from an enemy.

Mamillius's reply to his father's question appears so decisive as to the true explanation of this passage, that it leaves no doubt with me even after I read

the following note. The phrase undoubtedly sometimes means what Mr. Malone asserts, but not here. REED.

This phrase seems to me to have meant originally, — Are you such a poltron as to suffer another to use you as he pleases, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of so small a value as a few eggs in exchange for it? This explanation appears to be perfectly consistent with the passage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money* seems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame snake*. MALONE.

P. 100, last l. but one. — *happy man be his dole!* May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a *happy man*. JOHNSON.

The expression is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance of provision given to the poor, in great families. STEEVENS.

The alms immemorially given to the poor by the archbishops of Canterbury, is still called the *dole*. See the History of Lambeth Palace, p. 31, in Bibl. Top. Brit. NICHOLS.

P. 101, l. 16. *Apparent* —] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant. JOHNSON.

P. 101, l. 25. — *the neb*,] The word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It signifies here the *mouth*. STEEVENS.

P. 101, l. 27. *Allowing* in the old language is *approving*. MALONE.

P. 101, l. 28. — *o'er head and ears a fork'd one.*] That is, a *horned one*; a *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

P. 102, l. 4. *And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,*] This metaphor

perhaps owed its introduction and currency, to the once frequent depredations of neighbours on each others fish, a complaint that often occurs in ancient correspondence. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 25. *When you cast out, it still came home.]* This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.* STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 27. 28. *He would not stay at your petitions; made*

His business more material.] i. e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 30. *They're here with me already;]* Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present. THIRLBY.

P. 102, l. 30. *To round in the ear* is to whisper, or to tell secretly. The expression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* JOHNSON.

P. 102, l. 31. *Sicilia is a so-forth:]* This was a phrase employed when the speaker, through caution or disgust, wished to escape the utterance of an obnoxious term. A commentator on Shakspeare will often derive more advantage from listening to vulgar than to polite conversation. At the corner of Fleet-market, I lately heard one woman, describing another, say — „every body knows that her husband is a *so-forth.*” As she spoke the last word, her fingers expressed the emblem of cuckoldom. Mr. Malone reads — *Sicilia is a — so-forth.* STEEVENS.

In regulating this line I have adopted a hint suggested by Mr. M. Mason. I have more than once observed that almost every abrupt sentence in these plays is corrupted. These words without the break now introduced are to me unintelligible. Leontes

means — I think I already hear my courtiers whispering to each other, „Sicilia is a *cuckold*, a tame cuckold,” to which (says he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of; for such, I suppose, the meaning of the words — *so forth*. He avoids naming the word *cuckold* from a horror of the very sound. I suspect, however, that our author wrote — Sicilia is — *and so forth*.

MALONE.

P. 102, l. 32. — *gust it* —] i. e. taste it.

STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 3. For thy conceit *is* soaking,] Dr. Grey would read — *in* soaking; but I think without necessity. Thy conceit is of an *absorbent* nature, will draw in more, etc. seems to be the meaning.

STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 6. I believe, *lower messes* is only used as an expression to signify the lowest degree about the court. But this passage may be somewhat differently explained. It appears from a passage in *The merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date, that it was anciently the custom in publick houses to keep ordinaries of different Princes: „What table will you be at? for at the lordes table thei give me no less than to shylinges, and at the merchauntes table xvi pence, and at my household servantes geve me twelve pence.” — Leontes comprehends inferiority of understanding in the idea of inferiority of rank. STEEVENS.

Concerning the different *messes* in the great families of our ancient nobility, see the *Household Book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland*, 8vo. 1770. PERCY.

P. 103, l. 27. To *hox* is to ham-string.

STEEVENS.

The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough* or ham-string. MALONE.

P. 104, l. 8. 9. Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the *non-performance*,] This is one
of the expressions by which Shakspeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This sounding phrase means, I think, no more than *a thing necessary to be done*. JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read — „the *now-performance*,“ which gives us this very reasonable meaning: — *At the execution whereof, such circumstances discovered themselves, as made it prudent to suspend all further proceedings in it.*

HEATH.

I do not see that this attempt does any thing more, than produce a harsher word without an easier sense. JOHNSON.

I have preserved this note, [Mr. Heath's] because I think it a good interpretation of the original text. I have, however, no doubt, that Shakspeare wrote *non-performance*, he having often entangled himself in the same manner; but it is clear that he *should* have written, either — „against *the performance*,“ or — „for the *non-performance*,“

MALONE.

P. 104, l. 32. 33. — *Which to reiterate, were sin As deep as that, though true.*] i. e. your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed) for which you suspect her.

WARBURTON.

P. 104, last l. but one. — *is meeting noses?*] Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noses*; that is *measuring noses*. JOHNSON.

P. 105, l. 4. 5. — — *and all eyes blind With the pin and web,*] Disorders in the eye. STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 23. The running of *one glass*.] i. e. of one *hour-glass*.

p. 105, l. 25. — that wears he like *her* medal,] Mr. Malone reads — *his* medal. STEEVENS.

The old copy has — *her* medal, which was evidently an error of the press, either in consequence of the compositor's eye glancing on the word *her* in the preceding line, or of an abbreviation being used in the Ms. It should be remembered that it was customary for *gentlemen*, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck.

MALONE.

I suppose the poet meant to say, that Polixenes wore *her*, as he would have worn a medal of *her*, about his neck. Sir Christopher Hatton is represented with a medal of Queen Elizabeth appended to his chain. STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 29. 30. — they would do that

Which should undo more *doing*:] The latter word is used here in a wanton sense. MALONE.

P. 106, l. 2—4. — with no rash potion, —

Maliciously, like poison: —

Rash is *hasty*, as in *R. Henry IV. P. II.*: — "*rash gunpowder*." *Maliciously* is *malig- nantly*, with effects *openly hurtful*. JOHNSON.

P. 106, l. 7. *I have lov'd thee*, —] This last hemistich assign'd to Camillo must have been mistakenly placed to him. It is disrespect and insolence in Camillo to his King, to tell him that he has once lov'd him — I have ventured at a transposition, which seems self-evident. Camillo will not be persuaded into a suspicion of the disloyalty imputed to his mistress. The King, who believes nothing but his jealousy, provoke that Camillo is so obstinately diffident, finely starts into a rage, and cries:

*I've lov'd thee — Make't thy question, and
go rot!*

i. e. I have tendered thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former respect at once. If thou any longer make a question of my wife's disloyalty, go from my presence, and perdition overtake thee for thy stubbornness. THEOBALD.

I have admitted this alteration, as Dr. Warburton has done, but am not convinced that it is necessary. Camillo, desirous to defend the Queen, and willing to secure credit to his apology, begins, by telling the King that *he has loved him*, is about to give instances of his love, and to infer from them his present zeal, when he is interrupted.

JOHNSON.

I have lov'd thee,] In the first and second folio, these words are the conclusion of Camillo's speech. The later editors have certainly done right in giving them to Leontes; but I think they would come in better at the end of the line:

*Make that thy question, and go rot! — I
have lov'd thee.*

TYRWHITT.

I have restored the old reading. Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. The impatience of the King interrupts him by saying: *Make that thy question*, i. e. make the love of which you boast, the subject of your future conversation, and go to the grave with it. *Question*, in our author, very often has this meaning. So, in *Measure for Measure*: "But in the loss of *question*;" i. e. in conversation that is thrown away. Again, in *Hamlet*: "*questionable* shape" is a form propitious to conversation. Again, in *As you like it*: "an *unquestionable* spirit" is a spirit unwilling to be conversed with. STEEVENS.

I think Steevens right in restoring the old reading, but mistaken in his interpretation of it. Camillo is about to express his affection for Leontes, but the impatience of the latter will not suffer him to proceed. He takes no notice of that part of Camillo's speech, but replies to that which gave him offence — the doubts he had expressed of the Queen's misconduct; and says — „Make that thy question and go rot.” Nothing can be more natural than this interruption. M. MASON.

The commentators have differed much in explaining this passage, and some have wished to transfer the words — „I have lov'd thee,” from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words „being honourable” should be placed in a parenthesis, and the full point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of these words, ought to be omitted. The sense will then be: *Having ever had the highest respect for you, and thought you so estimable and honourable a character, so worthy of the love of my mistress, I cannot believe that she has played you false, has dishonoured you.* However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the King instances of his love, and is interrupted. I see no sufficient reason for transferring the words, *I have lov'd thee*, from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy there is a comma at the end of Camillo's speech, to denote an abrupt speech. MALONE.

P. 106, l. 8. *Make't thy question, and go rot!]* This refers to what Camillo has just said relative to the Queen's chastity. MALONE.

P. 106, l. 17. To *blench* is to start off, to shrink. Leontes means — could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour? STEEVENS.

P. 107, l. 10. 11. — *If I could example
Of thousands, etc.]* An allusion to the death
of the Queen of Scots. The play therefore was writ-
ten in King James's time. BLACKSTONE.

P. 107, l. 29—30. — — — — — *when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;]*
This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakspeare. Le-
ontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that
he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to
his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the
better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible
to restrain his hatred. M. MASON.

P. 107, last l. and P. 108. first l. *Do you know, and
dare not
Be intelligent to me?] i. e. do you know, and
dare not confess to me that you know?* TYRWHITT.

P. 108, l. 20. *In whose success we are gentle,]*
I know not whether *success* here does not mean *suc-
cession*. JOHNSON.

Gentle in the text is evidently opposed to *simple*;
alluding to the distinction between the gentry and
yeomanry,

In whose *success* we are gentle, may, indeed,
mean in consequence of whose *success* in life, etc.

STEEVENS.

Success seems clearly to have been used for *suc-
cession* by Shakspeare, in this, as in other instances.

HENLEY.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of *success* the
true one. MALONE.

P. 109, l. 8. *I am appointed him to murder you.]*
i. e. I am the person appointed to murder you.

STEEVENS.

P. 109, l. 14. 15. — — — an instrument

To *vice* you to't,] i. e. to draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *tempter* to evil. WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together, So the bailiff speaking of Falstaff: „*If he come but within my vice*,” etc. A *vice*, however, in the age of Shakspeare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery.

STEEVENS.

P. 109. l. 19. — — *that did betray the best!*] Perhaps Judas. The word *best* is spelt with a capital letter thus, *Best*, in the first folio. HENDERSON.

P. 109, l. 25. 26. *Swear his thought over*

By each particular star in heaven,] The transposition of a single letter reconciles this passage to good sense. Polixenes, in the preceding speech, had been laying the deepest imprecations on himself, if he had ever abus'd Leontes in any familiarity with his Queen. To which Camillo very pertinently replies:

— *Swear this though over*, etc. THEOBALD.

Swear his thought over —

may perhaps mean, *overswear his present persuasion*, that is, endeavour to *overcome his opinion*, by swearing oaths numerous as the stars. JOHNSON.

It may mean: „Though you should endeavour to *swear away* his jealousy — though you should strive, by your oaths, to change his present thoughts.” — The vulgar still use a similar expression: „To *swear* a person *down*.” MALONE.

This appears to me little better than nonsense; nor have either Malone or Johnson explained it into sense. I think therefore that Theobald's amendment is necessary and well imagined. M. MASON.

Perhaps the construction is — „Over swear his thought” — i. e. strive to bear down, or overpower,

his conception by oaths. — In our author we have *weigh out* for *outweigh*, *overcome* for *come over*, etc. and *over-swear*, for *swear-over* in *Twelfth Night*, Act V. STEEVENS.

P. 109, l. 30. 31. ——— *Whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith,*] This folly which is
erected on the foundation of settled *belief*.

STEEVENS.

P. 110, l. 16. 17, — — — and thy *places* shall
Still neighbour mine:] Perhaps Shakspeare
wrote — „And thy *paces* shall,” etc. Thou shalt
be my conductor, and we will both pursue the same
path — The old reading however may mean — wher-
ever thou art, I will still be near thee. MALONE.

By places, our author means — *preferments*,
or *honours*. STEEVENS.

P. 110, l. 26—28. — — — and comfort

*The gracious Queen, part of his theme, but
nothing*

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!] But how could this
expedition comfort the Queen? on the contrary, it
would increase her husband's suspicion. We should
read:

—— and comfort

The gracious Queen's;

i. e. be expedition my friend, and be comfort the
Queen's friend. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, I think, just;
but what shall be done with the following words,
of which I can make nothing? Perhaps the line
which connected them to the rest is lost.

—— and comfort

*The gracious Queen, part of his theme,
but nothing*

Of his ill-ta'en suspion! —

Jeal.

Jealousy is a passion compounded of love and suspicion; this passion is the *theme* or subject of the King's thoughts. — Polixenes, perhaps, wishes the Queen, for her comfort, so much of that *theme* or subject as is good, but deprecates that which causes misery. May part of the King's present sentiments comfort the Queen, but away with his suspicion. This is such meaning as can be picked out.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is — May that good speed which is my friend, *comfort* likewise the Queen who is *part of its theme*, i. e. *partly* on whose account I go away; but may not the same *comfort* extend itself to the groundless suspicions of the King; i. e. may not my departure support him in them! *His* for *its* is common with Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

Comfort is, I apprehend, here used as a verb. Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent Queen, by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; — the Queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion!

MALONE.

P. 112, l. 5. *A sad tale's best for winter;*] Hence, I suppose, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.

This supposition may seem to be countenanced by our author's 98th Sonnet:

„Yet not the lays of birds, etc.

„Could make me any *Summer's story* tell.”

And yet, I cannot help regarding the words — *for winter* (which spoil the measure) as a playhouse interpolation. All children delight in telling dismal stories; but why should a dismal story be *best for winter*? STEEVENS.

P. 112, l. 25. *Censure*, in the time of our author,
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was generally used (as in this instance) for judgment, opinion. MALONE.

P. 112, l. 26. *Alack, for lesser knowledge!]* That is, *O that my knowledge were less.*

JOHNSON.

P. 112, l. 27—29. ——— *There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, etc.]* That spiders were esteemed venomous, appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair. "The Countesse wished me to get the *strongest poison* I could, etc. Accordingly I bought *seven — great spiders*, and cantharides." HENDERSON.

This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet published in 1632: "— like the *spider*, which turneth all things to poison which it tasteth."

MALONE.

P. 112, last l. *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved up. STEEVENS.

P. 113, l. 4. 5. *He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;]* The sense, I think, is, He hath now discovered my design, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. HEATH.

This sense is possible; but many other meanings might serve as well. JOHNSON.

Pinched had anciently a more dignified meaning than it appears to have at present.

The sense proposed by the author of *The Revisal* may, however, be supported by the following passage in *All's well that ends well*:— "If you *pinch* me like a pasty, [i. e. the crust round the lid of it, which was anciently moulded by the fingers into fantastick shapes,] I can say no more." STEEVENS.

The subsequent words — „a very *trick* for them to play at will,” appear strongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation. MALONE.

P. 113, l. 34. 35. — for calumny will *sear*

Virtue itself:] That is, will stigmatize or brand as infamous. HENLEY.

P. 114, l. 17. A *federary* (perhaps a word of our author's coinage) is a confederate, an accomplice.

STEEVENS.

We should certainly read — a *feodary* with her. There is no such word as *federary*. See *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. ii. MALONE.

P. 114, l. 17—19. — and one that knows

*What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal,*] One that knows what we should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own breast and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant. — *But*, which is here used for *only* renders this passage somewhat obscure. MALONE.

P. 114, l. 29—32. — if I mistake

*In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top.* —] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted.

JOHNSON.

P. 114, l. 33. *Far off guilty*, signifies, *guilty in a remote degree*. JOHNSON.

P. 114, last l. and P. 115, first l. — — *till the heavens look*

With an aspect more favourable.] An astrological phrase. The *aspect* of stars was anciently a familiar term, and continued to be such till the age in which Milton tells us

„— the swart star sparely looks." *Lycidas*
v. 138. STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 17. — *this action, I now go on,*] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's sense, for *indictment, charge, or accusation*.

JOHNSON.

We cannot say that a person *goes on* an indictment, charge, or accusation. I believe, Hermione only means, „What I am now about to do."

M. MASON.

P. 115, l. 34. 35. — *I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife;*] *Stable-stand* (*stabilis statio*, as Spelman interprets it) is a term of the forest-laws, and signifies a place where a deer-stealer fixes his stand under some convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpose of killing deer as they pass by. From the place it came to be applied also to the person, and any man taken in a forest in that situation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was presumed to be an offender, and had the name of a *stable-stand*. In all former editions this hath been printed *stable*; and it may perhaps be objected, that another syllable added spoils the smoothness of the verse. But by pronouncing *stable* short, the measure will very well bear it, according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which Shakspeare never scruples to use; therefore I read, *stable stand*. HANMER.

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's addition to the text. STEEVENS.

If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and, in that respect, my house shall resemble a stable, where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is a place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I suppose, as well as our author, has

occasionally seen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a stable. A *dog-couple* is a term at this day.

In the Teutonick language, *hund-stall*, or *dog-stable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *stable*, however may mean *station*, *stabilis statio*, and two distinct propositions may be intended. I'll keep my station in the same place where my wife is lodged; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. MALONE.

P. 116, l. 7. — and by some *putter-on*,] i. e. one who instigates. STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 9. I would *land-damn* him:] Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *stop his urine*, *Land* or *lant* being the old word for *urine*.

Land-damn is probably one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him, *condemn* him to quit the *land*. JOHNSON.

Land-damn him, if such a reading can be admitted, may mean, *he would procure sentence to be past on him in this world, on this earth*.

Antigonus could no way make good the threat of *stopping his urine*. Besides, it appears too ridiculous a punishment for so atrocious a criminal. Yet it must be confessed, that what Sir T. Hanmer has said concerning the word *lant*, is true.

I am persuaded that this is a corruption, and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line, or the transcriber was deceived by similitude of sounds. — What the poet's word was, cannot now be ascertained; but the sentiment was probably similar to that in *Othello*:

„O heaven, that such companions thoud'st
unfold," etc.

I believe, we should read — *land-dam*; i. e. kill him; bury him in earth. MALONE.

After all these awkward struggles to obtain a meaning, we might, I think, not unsafely, read —

„I'd *laudanum* him," —

i. e. poison him with *laudanum*. The word is much more ancient than the time of Shakspeare. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 11. *The second, and the third, nine, and some five;*] The second folio reads — *sonnes five*. REED.

This line appears obscure, because the word *nine* seems to refer to both „*the second and the third*.” But it is sufficiently clear, *referendo singula singulis*. *The second is of the age of nine, and the third is some five years old*.

The editor of the second folio reads — *sons five*; startled probably by the difficulty that arises from the subsequent lines, the operation that Antigonus threatens to perform on his children, not being commonly applicable to females. But for this, let our author answer. Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1656, shows it may be done. Shakspeare undoubtedly wrote *some*; for were we, with the ignorant editor above-mentioned, to read — *sons five*, then the second and third daughter would both be of the same age; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reasonable to suppose. Besides; daughters are by the law of England co-heirs, but sons never. MALONE.

P. 116, l. 15. For *glib* I think we should read *lib*, which, in the northern language, is the same with *geld*. GREY.

P. 116, l. 21. Some stage direction seems necessary in this place; but what that direction should be, it is not easy to decide. Sir T. Hanmer gives — *Laying*

hold of his arm; Dr. Johnson — striking his brows. STEEVENS.

As a stage direction is certainly requisite, and as there is none in the old copy, I will venture to propose a different one from any hitherto mentioned. *Leontes, perhaps, touches the forehead of Antigonus with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a SNAIL'S HORNS; for these, or imaginary horns of his own like them, are the instruments that feel, to which he alluded. —* There is a similar reference in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, from whence the direction of *striking his brows* seems to have been adopted: — „he so takes on, — so curses all Eve's daughters, and so *buffets himself on the forehead*, crying, *Peer out, peer out!*” — — The word *lunes*, it should be noted, occurs in the context of both passages, and in the same sense. HENLEY.

I see and feel *my disgrace*, as you, *Antigonus*, now feel me, on my doing thus to you, and as you now see the instruments that feel, i. e. my fingers, *Leontes* must here be supposed to lay hold of either the beard or arm, or some other part, of *Antigonus*. See a subsequent note in the last scene of this act.

MALONE.

P. 117, l. 13. *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*. JOHNSON.

P. 117, l. 21. *Of stuff'd sufficiency:]* That is, of abilities more than enough. JOHNSON.

P. 117, l. 31. 32. *Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,*

Be left her to perform.] He has before declared, that there is a *plot against his life and crown*, and that *Hermione* is *federary* with *Polixenes* and *Camillo*. JOHNSON.

P. 119, l. 13. These dangerous unsafe *lunes* o'the King!] I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify, *frenzy*, *lunacy*. But it is a mode of expression with the French. — *Il y a de la lune*: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. „*Lune, folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tête.* Richelet.” THEOBALD.

A similar expression occurs in *As you like it*, Act III. sc. ii: „At which time would I, being but a *moonish* youth, etc. STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 30. 31. Is quite *beyond mine arm*, out of the *blank*

And *level* of my brain,] Beyond the *aim* of any attempt that I can make against him. *Blank* and *evel* are terms of archery. JOHNSON.

Blank and *level*, mean *mark* and *aim*; but they are terms of gunnery, not of archery. DOUCE.

P. 121, l. 13. *Leave me solely*:] That is, leave me alone. M. MASON.

P. 122, l. 30. — *in comforting your evils*,] *Comforting* is here used in the legal sense of *comforting* and abetting in a criminal action. M. MASON.

To *comfort*, in old language, is to *aid and encourage*. *Evils* here mean *wicked courses*.

MALONE.

P. 123, l. 2. A man, the *worst* about you.] The *worst* means only the *lowest*. Were I the meanest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser. JOHNSON.

The *worst*, (as Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Henley observe,) rather means the *weakest*, or the *least expert in the use of arms*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Edwards observes, that „The worst about you” may mean the weakest, or least warlike. So, „a *better man*, the *best man* in company, frequently

refer to skill in fighting, not to moral goodness." I think he is right. MALONE.

P. 123, l. 11. *A mankind witch!*] A *mankind* woman is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage.

Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women; therefore Sir Hugh, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, "*that he does not like when a woman has a beard.*" Of this meaning Mr. Theobald has given examples.

JOHNSON.

I shall offer an etymology of the adjective *mankind*, which may perhaps more fully explain it. Dr. Hickes's Anglo-Saxon grammar, p. 119. edit. 1705, observes: "*Saxonice man est a mein quod Cimbrice est nocumentum, Francice est nefas, scelus.*" So that *mankind* may signify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, mischief or wickedness, and from *kind*, nature. TOLLET.

Notwithstanding the many learned notes on this expression, I am confident that *mankind*, in this passage, means nothing more than *masculine*.

M. MASON.

P. 123, l. 20. *Woman-tir'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman; *hen-pecked*. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 22. *Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*.

STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 23. — give't to thy *crone*.] i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 25. 26. — — if thou

Tak'st up the Princess, *by that forced baseness*] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard*; Paulina forbids him to touch the Princess under that appellation. *Forced is false*, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.

A *base* son was a common term in our author's time. MALONE.

P. 124, first l. *His hopeful son's, his babe's,*] The female infant then on the stage. MALONE.

P. 124, l. 23. — — *his smiles;*] These two redundant words might be rejected, especially as the child has already been represented as the inheritor of its father's *dimples and frowns*. STEEVENS.

P. 124, l. 28. *Yellow* is the colour of jealousy.

JOHNSON.

P. 124, l. 28. 29. — — — *lest she suspect, as he does, Her children not her husband's!*] In the ardour of composition Shakspeare seems here to have forgotten the difference of sexes. No suspicion that the babe in question might entertain of her future husband's *fidelity*, could affect the legitimacy of her offspring. Unless she were *herself* a „bed-swarver,” (which is not supposed,) she could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealousy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the present instance, a pang that it can never give.

MALONE.

I regard this circumstance as a beauty, rather than a defect. The seeming absurdity in the last clause of Paulina's ardent address to Nature, was undoubtedly designed, being an extravagance characteristically preferable to languid correctness, and chastised declamation. STEEVENS.

P. 124, l. 31. „A *Losel* is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty." *Verstegan's Restitution*, 1605, p. 335. REED.

This is a term of contempt, frequently used by Spenser. A *lozel* is a worthless fellow. STEEVENS.

P. 126, l. 25. *So sure as this beard's grey,*] The King must mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on a former occasion, it was intended, he should lay hold of. Leontes has himself told us that twenty three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of course his age at the opening of this play must be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. MALONE.

P. 126, l. 33. *Swear by this sword,*] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword. See *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. v.

STEEVENS.

I remember to have seen the name of Jesus engraved upon the pummel of the sword of a Crusader in the Church at Winchelsea. DOUCE.

P. 127, l. 14. *That thou commend it strangely to some place,*] Commit to some place, as a stranger, without more provision. JOHNSON.

To *commend* is to *commit*. See Minsheu's Dict. in v. MALONE.

P. 127, l. 22. — — and *blessing*,] i. e. the favour of heaven. MALONE.

P. 127, l. 24. Poor thing, condemn'd to *loss*!] i. e. to exposure, similar to that of a child whom its parents have *lost*. MALONE.

P. 127, last l. 'Tis good speed; *foretels*,] Surely we should read the passage thus:

This good speed fortetels, etc. M. MASON.

P. 128, l. 12. *Enter CLEOMENES and DION.]* These two names, and those of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's Plutarch.

MALONE.

P. 128, l. 14. *Fertile the isle;]* But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakspeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an island of the Cyclades. If it was the editor's blunder, then Shakspeare wrote: *Fertile the soil*, — which is more elegant too, than the present reading.

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is little careful of geography. There is no need of this emendation in a play of which the whole plot depends upon a geographical error, by which Bohemia is supposed to be a maritime country.

JOHNSON.

In *the History of Dorastus and Faunia*, the Queen desires the King to send „six of his noblemen, whom he best trusted, to the *isle* of Delphos,” etc.

STEEVENS.

P. 128, l. 17. *For most it caught me,]* *It* may relate to the whole spectacle. JOHNSON.

P. 128, l. 29. *The time is worth the use on't,* means, the time which we have spent in visiting Delos, has recompensed us for the trouble of so spending it. JOHNSON.

If the event prove fortunate to the Queen, *the time which we have spent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath cost us*. In other words, the happy issue of our journey will compensate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the same expression in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essaies*, 1603: „The common saying is, the *time* we live, is *worth the money we pay for it*.” MALONE.

P. 129, l. 21. *Even* to the guilt, or the purgation.—] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEEVENS.

The epithet *even-handed*, as applied in *Macbeth* to *Justice*, seems to unite both senses. HENLEY.

P. 130, first l. *Pretence* is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid*, a *design formed*; to *pretend* means to *design*, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. JOHNSON.

P. 130, l. 11. 12. — — mine integrity,

Being counted *falsehood*,] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*. *Falsehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

P. 130, l. 20. As I am now unhappy; *which* etc.] That is, which unhappiness. MALONE.

P. 130, l. 27. 28. — — *For life, I prize it*

As I weigh grief,] *Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly dismiss it. JOHNSON.

P. 130, l. 28. To *spare* any thing is to *let it go*, to *quit the possession of it*. JOHNSON.

P. 130, l. 28. 29. — — *for honour,*

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,] This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*, iii. 11. cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: „The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour, is a reproach unto her children.”

STEEVENS.

P. 130, l. 33—35. — — — *since he came,*

With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd, to appear thus:] These lines

I do not understand; with the licence of all editors, what I cannot understand I suppose unintelligible,

and therefore propose that they may be altered thus:

——— *Since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent have I
Been stain'd to appear thus?*

At least I think it might be read:

*With what encounter so uncurrent have I
Strain'd to appear thus? If one jot beyond—*

JOHNSON.

The sense seems to be this: — *what sudden slip have I made, that I should catch a wrench in my character.* An *uncurrent* encounter seems to mean an irregular, unjustifiable congress. Perhaps it may be a metaphor from *tilting*, in which the shock of meeting adversaries was so called.

The sense would then be: — In what base reciprocation of love have I caught this strain? *Uncurrent* is what will not pass, and is, at present, only applied to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of — *some strain in her character*, and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, the same expression occurs.

To *strain*, I believe, means to go awry.

STEEVENS.

The *bounds of honour*, which are mentioned immediately after, justify Mr. Steevens in supposing the imagery to have been taken from *tilting*.

HENLEY.

Johnson thinks it necessary for the sense, to transpose these words and read, „With what encounter so uncurrent have I strained to appear thus?“ But he could not have proposed that alteration, had he considered, with attention, the construction of the passage, which runs thus: „I appeal to your own conscience with what encounter,“ etc. That is, „I appeal to your own conscience *to declare* with what

encounter so uncurrent I have strained to appear thus." He was probably misled by the point of interrogation at the end of the sentence, which ought not to have been there. M. MASON.

The precise meaning of the word *encounter* in this passage may be gathered from our author's use of it elsewhere:

"Who hath —

"Confess'd the vile *encounters* they have had

"A thousand times in secret." *Much ado about Nothing.*

As, to pass or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe our author in the present passage, with his accustomed licence, uses the word *uncurrent* as synonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *strain'd*, may perhaps mean — I have swerved or deflected from the strict line of duty.

"To appear *thus*," is, to appear in such an assembly as this; to be put on my trial. MALONE.

P. 131, l. 5. 6. That any of these bolder vices *wanted Less* impudence etc.] It is apparent that according to the proper, at least according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*. But Shakspeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but, as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion.

JOHNSON.

P. 131, l. 34. My life *stands in the level* of your dreams,] To be *in the level* is, by a metaphor from archery, to be *within the reach*. JOHNSON.

This metaphor, (as Mr. Douce has already observed,) is from *gunnery*. STEEVENS.

P. 132, l. 2. 3. — As you were past all shame,
(Those of your *fact* are so,) so past all truth:]
I do not remember that *fact* is used any where absolutely for *guilt*, which must be its sense in this place. Perhaps we should read:

Those of your pack are so.

Pack is a low coarse word well suited to the rest of this royal invective. JOHNSON.

I should guess *sect* to be the right word See *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. sc. iv.

In Middleton's *Mad World, my Masters*, a Courtezan says: „It is the easiest art and cunning for our *sect* to conterfeit sick, that are always full of firts when we are well.” FARMER.

Thus, Falstaff, speaking of Dol Tearsheet: „So is all her *sect*: if they be once in a calm, they are sick.” *Those of your fact* may, however, mean — those who have done as you do. STEEVENS.

. That *fact* is the true reading, is proved decisively from the words of the novel, which our author had in his mind, both here, and in a former passage [„I ne'er heard yet, That any of these bolder vices, etc.] „And as for her [said Pandosto] it was her part to *deny* such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the *fact*, since she had *passed all shame* in committing the fault.”

MALONE.

P. 132, l. 4. *Which to deny, concerns more than avails:]* It is your *business* to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be useless; will prove nothing. MALONE.

P. 132, l. 14. *The crown and comfort of my life,]*
The supreme blessing of my life. MALONE.

P. 132.

P. 132, l. 19. *Starr'd most unluckily,*] i. e. born under an inauspicious planet. STEEVENS.

P. 132, l. 26. *I have got strength of limit.*] I know not well how *strength of limit* can mean *strength to pass the limits* of the child-bed chamber; which yet it must mean in this place, unless we read in a more easy phrase, *strength of limb*. *And now, etc.* JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason judiciously conceives *strength of limit* to mean, *the limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire, before they are suffered to go abroad after child bearing*. STEEVENS.

P. 133, l. 3. *The fatness of my misery;*] That is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity.

JOHNSON.

P. 134, l. 4. *Of the Queen's speed,*] Of the event of the Queen's trial: so we still say, he *sped* well or ill. JOHNSON.

P. 135, l. 1. 2. — *and how his piety*

Does my deeds make the blacker!] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt. JOHNSON.

P. 135, l. 19. 20. That did but show thee, *of a fool,*
inconstant,

And damnable ungrateful:] I have ventured at a slight alteration here, against the authority of all the copies, and for *fool* read — *soul*. It is certainly too gross and blunt in Paulina, though she might impeach the King of fooleries in some of his past actions and conduct, to call him downright a fool. And it is much more pardonable in her to arraign

his morals, and the qualities of his mind, than rudely to call him *idiot* to his face. THEOBALD.

— *show thee of a fool,*] So all the copies. We should read:

— *show thee off, a fool,* —

i. e. represent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconstant, etc. WARBURTON.

Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deserve much notice. Dr. Warburton too might have spared his sagacity, if he had remembered that the present reading by a mode of speech anciently much used, means only, *It show'd thee first a fool, then inconstant and ungrateful.* JOHNSON.

Damnable is here used adverbially. MALONE.

P. 135, l. 21. *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,*]

How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the King with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance. MALONE.

P. 135, l. 25. 26. — — *though a devil*

Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:]

i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damn'd, ere he would have committed such an action.

STEEVENS.

P. 136, l. 24 and fol. *Paul.* I am sorry for't; etc. etc.] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds.

JOHNSON.

P. 137, l. 20. *Perfect* is often used by Shakspeare for *certain, well assured, or well informed.*

JOHNSON.

It is so used by almost all our ancient writers.

STEEVENS.

P. 139, l. 7. — and there *thy character:]* Thy

description; i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita. STEEVENS.

P. 139, l. 20. *A savage clamour?*] This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the *animal pursued*. JOHNSON.

P. 159, last l. — *barne*; — i. e. child. It is a North Country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*. STEEVENS.

P. 140, first l. *A boy, or a child*,] I am told, that in some of our inland counties, a *female infant*, in contradistinction to a *male one*, is still termed, among the peasantry, — *a child*. STEEVENS.

P. 140, l. 30. — how the sea *flap dragon'd* it:] i. e. swallowed it, as our ancient topers swallowed *flab-dragons*. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 5. — the *old man*!] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, I am persuaded, we ought to restore, *nobleman*. The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus's age; besides, the Clown hath just told his father, that he said his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman*: and no less than threetimes in this short scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the *gentleman*. THEOBALD.

I suppose the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself; or perhaps Shakspeare, who was conscious that he himself designed Antigonus for an *old man*, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the Shepherd who had never seen him. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding speech: „— nor the bear half dined on the *old gentleman*:" Mr. Steevens's second conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one.

MALONE.

P. 141, l. 12. *A bearing cloth* is the fine mantle

or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized.

PERCY.

P. 141, l. 15. — *this is some changeling:]* i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen. STEEVENS.

P. 141. l. 17—19. *You' re a made old man; etc.]* In former copies: — *You're a mad old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold! —* This the Clown says upon his opening his fardel, and discovering the wealth in it. But this is no reason why he should call his father a *mad* old man. I have ventured to correct in the text — *You're a made old man; i. e. your fortune's made by this adventitious treasure.* So our poet, in a number of other passages.

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton did not accept this emendation, but it is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: „The good man desired his wife to be quiet: if she would hold peace, they were *made* for ever.” FARMER.

P. 141, l. 21. — *the next way.* — i. e. the nearest way. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 27. *Curst*, signifies *mischievous*. Thus the adage: *Curst* cows have short horns. HENLEY.

P. 142, l. 5. — *that make, and unfold error, —]* This does not, in my opinion, take in the poet's thought. Time does not *make* mistakes, and *discover* them, at different conjunctures; but the poet means, that Time often for a season *covers* errors, which he afterwards *displays* and *brings to light*. I chuse therefore to read:

— *that mask and unfold error, —*

THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is surely unnecessary. *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings discoveries with it.

„These very comments on Shakspeare (says Mr. M. Mason) prove that time can both make and unfold error." STEEVENS.

P. 142, l. 8. 9. — *that I slide*

O'er sixteen years,] This trespass, in respect of dramatic unity, will appear venial to those who have read the once famous *Lyly's Endymion*, or (as he himself calls it in the prologue) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by Queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the space of forty years, Endymion lying down to sleep at the end of the second, and waking in the first scene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconscionable length. Lyly has likewise been guilty of much greater absurdities than ever Shakspeare committed; for he supposes that Endymion's hair, features, and person, were changed by age during his sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration.

• George Whetstone, in the epistle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Measure for Measure* is formed) had pointed out many of these absurdities and offences against the laws of the Drama. It must be owned therefore that Shakspeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were. „For at this daye, the Italian is so lascivious in his comedies, that honest hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he presents on everie common stage, what preachers should pronounce in pulpits. The Englishman in this quallitie, is most vaine, indiscreete,

and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities; then in three hours runnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell, "etc. This quotation will serve to show that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary lawes, but, like Achilles, denied that lawes were designed to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and secure of graces beyond the reach of art.

STEEVENS.

P. 142, l. 9. 10. — *and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap;*] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the gap of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. *Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

P. 142, l. 10. 11. — — — — *since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law,*] The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her sixteenth year; and he intreats that he may pass as of old, before any order or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished his periods. JOHNSON.

P. 142, l. 22—24. — — — — *imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia;*] *Time* is every where alike. I know not whether both sense and grammar may not dictate:

— *imagine we,*

Gentle spectators, that you now may be, etc.

Let *us* imagine that *you*, who behold these scenes, are now in Bohemia. JOHNSON.

Imagine *me*, means imagine *with me*, or imagine *for me*; and is a common mode of expression. Thus we say „do *me* such a thing,” „spell *me* such a word.”

M. MASON.

P. 142, last l. but one. *Argument* is the same with *subject*. JOHNSON.

P. 142, last l. but one. To *allow* in our author's time signified to *approve*. MALONE.

P. 143, l. 9. It is *fifteen* years,] We should read — *sixteen*. *Time* has just said:

— *thad I slide*

O'er sixteen years. — STEEVENS.

P. 143. l. 25. 26. The sense of *heaping friendships*, though like many other of our author's, unusual, at least unusual to modern ears, is not very obscure. *To be more thankful shall be my study; and my profits therein the heaping friendships.* That is, *I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I shall heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us.* JOHNSON.

Friendships is, I believe, here used, with sufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices*.

MALONE.

P. 144, l. 6. *Missingly* noted means, I have observed him at *intervals*, not constantly or regularly, occasionally. STEEVENS.

P. 144, l. 22. *But I fear the angle —*] Mr. Theobald reads, — *and I fear the engle*. JOHNSON.

Angle in this place means a *fishing-rod*, which he represents as drawing his son, like a fish, away.

STEEVENS.

P. 144, l. 24. — *some question* —] i. e. some talk.

MALONE.

P. 145, l. 3. *Autolycus* was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father;

„*Non fuit Antolyci tam piceata manus.*”

Martial. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 4. *When daffodils begin to peer, —*
and

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,] „Two nonsensical songs, by the rogue *Autolycus*,” says Dr. Burney. — But could not the many compliments paid by Shakspeare to musical science, intercede for a better epithet than *nonsensical*?

The Dr. subsequently observes, that „This *Autolycus* is the true *ancient* Minstrel, as described in the old *Fabliaux*.”

I believe that many of our readers will push the comparison a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our *modern* minstrels of the opera, like their predecessor *Autolycus*, are *pick-pockets* as well as singers of *nonsensical* baliads. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 7. *For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*] This line has suffered a great variety of alterations, but I am persuaded the old reading is the true one. The first folio has „the *winter's pale*;” and the meaning is, the red, the *spring* blood now reigns o'er the parts lately under the *dominion of winter*. The *English pale*, the *Irish pale*, were frequent expressions in Shakspeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were chosen for the sake of the *antithesis*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer is certainly right. I had offered this explanation to Dr. Johnson, who rejected it.

STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 10. Doth set my *pugging tooth* an edge;] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read — *progging tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces; and a *puggard* was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 14. *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 17. — *three-pile* — i. e. rich velvet.

STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 26. *My traffick is sheets: when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.*] Autolycus means, that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with. M. MASON.

Lesser linen is an ancient term, for which our modern laundresses have substituted — *small clothes*.

STEEVENS.

This passage, I find, is not generally understood. When the good women, in solitary cottages near the woods where kites build, miss any of their *lesser linen*, as it hangs to dry on the hedge in spring, they conclude that the kite has been marauding for a lining to her nest; and there adventurous boys often find it employed for that purpose. HOLT WHITE.

P. 145, l. 27. *My father named me, Autolycus;*] Mr. Theobald says, *the allusion is unquestionably to Ovid*. He is mistaken. Not only the allusion, but the whole speech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite

authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from *his discourse on judicial astrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner; and 'tis on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief. WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was translated long before the time of Shakspeare. I have seen it, but it had no date.

STEEVENS.

P. 146, first l. *With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison;*] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress. PERCY.

P. 146, l. 2. — and my revenue is the *silly cheat*:] *Silly* is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the speech consists. I don't aspire to arduous and high things, as Bridewell or the gallows; I am contented with this humble and low way of life, as a *snapper-up of unconsidered trifles*. But the Oxford editor, who, by his emendations, seems to have declared war against all Shakspeare's humour, alters it to, — *the sly cheat*. WARBURTON.

The *silly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coneycatching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science. I think it means *picking pockets*. STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 2. 3. *Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway:]* The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold

me from daring robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat and petty theft. JOHNSON.

P. 146, l. 7. *Every 'leven wether tods;*] A *tod* is twenty eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

I was led into an error concerning this passage by the word *tods*, which I conceived to be a substantive, but which is used ungrammatically as the third person singular of the verb to *tod*, in concord with the preceding words — *every 'leven wether*. The same disregard of grammar is found in almost every page of the old copies, and has been properly corrected, but here is in character, and should be preserved.

Dr. Farmer observes to me, that to *tod* is used as a verb by dealers in wool; thus, they say, „Twenty sheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool,” etc. The meaning therefore of the clown's words is, „Every eleven wether *tods*; i. e. will produce a *tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool: every *tod* yields a pound and some odd shillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?”

The occupation of his father furnished our poet with accurate knowledge on this subject; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a sheep at the time of shearing. About thirty shillings a *tod* is a high price at this day. It is singular, as Sir Henry Englefield remarks to me, that there should be so little variation between the price of wool in Shakspeare's time and the present. — In 1425, as I learn from Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*, a *tod* of wool sold for nine shillings and six pence. MALONE.

This has been rightly expounded to mean that the wool of *eleven sheep* would weigh a *tod*, or 28lb. Each fleece would, therefore, be 2lb. 8oz. 11½dr. and the whole produce of *fifteen hundred*

shorn 136 *tod.* 9lb. 6oz. 2dr. which at pound and odd shilling per tod would yield L. 143 3 0. Our author was too familiar with the subject to be suspected of inaccuracy. RITSON.

P. 146, l. 12. I cannot do't without *counters*.] By the help of small circular pieces of base metal, all reckonings were anciently adjusted among the illiterate and vulgar. Thus Iago, in contempt of Cassio, calls him — *counter-caster*. STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 13. — *what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?*] The expense attending these festivities, appears to have afforded matter of complaint. Thus in *Questions of Profitable and Pleasant Concernings*, etc. 1594: „If it be a *sheep-shearing feast*, maister Baily can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maister of three sheapheard's wages, spent on fresh cates, besides *spices* and *saffron pottage*." STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 18. 19. — *three-man song-men all*,] i. e. singers of catches in three parts. A *six-man song* occurs in *The Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

P. 146, l. 20. — means *and bases*:] *Means* are tenors. STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 22. — to colour the *warden pies*;] *Wardens* are a species of large pears. I believe the name is disused at present. It however afforded Ben Jonson room for a quibble in his masque of *Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

„A deputy tart, a church-warden pye."

It appears from a passage in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, that these pears were usually eaten roasted:

„I would have had him roasted like a warden,
„In brown paper."

The French call this pear the *poire de garde*.
STEEVENS.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, voce *Warden Tree*, [*Volemum*] says, *Volema autem pyra sunt prægrandia, ita dicta quod impleant volam*. REED.

P. 146, l. 29. *I' the name of me,*] This is a vulgar exclamation, which I have often heard used. So, sir Andrew Ague-cheek: — „Before *me*, she's a good wench.” STEEVENS.

P. 147, l. 32. *Trol-my-dames: Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on *Buckstone Bathes*, he says: „The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion: the pastyme *troule in madame*, is termed.” FARMER.

The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the archers in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove house*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is perfectly accurate in his description of the game of *Trou-madame*, or *pigeon holes*. *Nine holes* is quite another thing; Thus:
 ○ ○ ○ being so many holes made in the ground,
 ○ ○ ○ into which they are to bowl a pellet. I
 ○ ○ ○ have seen both played at. RITSON.

P. 148, l. 4. To *abide*, here, must signify, to *sojourn*, to live for a time without a settled habitation. JOHNSON.

P. 148, l. 7. — then he compass'd a *motion* of etc.] i. e. the *puppet-shew*, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author. WARBURTON.

P. 148, l. 12. To *prig* is to *filch*. MALONE.

In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and therefore in *The Beggars Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knavish beggar. WHALLEY.

P. 148, l. 33—35. If I make not this cheat etc, — *let me be unroll'd*, etc.] Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the show of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he does not so and so.

WARBURTON.

P. 149, first l. *Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way*,] These lines are part of a catch printed in „*an Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of witty ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry catches*, 1661,” 4to. p. 69. REED.

P. 149, l. 2. To *hent* the stile, is to take hold of it. I was mistaken when I said in a note on *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. sc. ult. that the verb was—to *hend*. It is to *hent*, and comes from the Saxon. STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 14. To chide at your *extremes*,] This is, your *excesses*, the *extravagance* of your praises.

JOHNSON.

By his *extremes*, Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praises*, as Johnson supposes: but the *extravagance of his conduct*, in obscuring himself „in a swain's wearing,” while he „prank'd her up most goddess-like.” The following words, *O pardon that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning.

M. MASON.

P. 149, l. 16. *The gracious mark o'the land*,] The *object* of all men's notice and expectation.

JOHNSON.

P. 149, l. 13. To *prank* is to dress with ostentation.

STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 18—22. — — — *But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass.*] i. e. one would

think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glass, you shew me how much below yourself you must descend before you can get upon a level with me. The sentiment is fine, and expresses all the delicacy, as well as humble modesty of the character. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to Sir T. Hanmer's emendation, which certainly makes an easy sense, and is, in my opinion, preferable to the present reading. But concerning this passage I know not what to decide. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has well enough explained this passage according to the old reading. Though I cannot help offering a transposition, which I would explain thus:

——— *But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, (sworn I think,)
To see you so attired, I should blush
To show myself a glass.*

i. e. — But that our rustick feasts are in every part accompanied with absurdity of the same kind, which custom has authorized, (custom which one would think the guests had sworn to observe,) I should blush to present myself before a glass, which would show me my own person adorned in a manner so foreign to my humble state, or so much better habited than even that of my Prince. STEEVENS.

I think she means only to say, that the Prince, by the *rustick* habit that he wears, seems as if he had

sworn to show her a glass, in which she might behold how she *ought* to be attired, instead of being „most goddess-like prank'd up.”

Florizel is here Perdita's glass. Sir T. Hanmer reads — *swoon*, instead of *sworn*. There is, in my opinion, no need of change; and the words „to *shew* myself” appear to me inconsistent with that reading.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the similitude of the words *sworn* and *swoon* favourable to his emendation; but he forgot that *swoon* in the old copies of these plays is always written *sound* or *swound*. MALONE.

P. 149, l. 27. To me, *the difference forges dread*;] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. M. MASON.

P. 149, l. 30—32. ——— *O, the fates!*
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up?] It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor. JOHNSON.

P. 150, l. 12. Nor *in a way* —] Read: — Nor *any way*. RITSON.

It must be remembered that the transformations of Gods were generally for illicit amours; and consequently were not „in a way so chaste” as that of Florizel, whose object was to marry Perdita. A. C.

P. 150, l. 23. — *forc'd thoughts*,] That is, thoughts far-fetched, and not arising from the present objects. M. MASON.

P. 151.

P. 151, l. 30—32. *For you there's rosemary, and
rue; these keep*

*Seeming, and savour, all the winter long;
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,]*

Ophelia distributes the same plants, and accompanies them with the same documents. "There's *rosemary*, that's for *remembrance*. There's *rue* for you: we may call it herb of *grace*." The qualities of retaining *seeming* and *savour*, appear to be the reason why these plants were considered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. The nosegay distributed by Perdita with the significations annexed to each flower, reminds one of the aenigmatical letter from a Turkish lover, described by lady M. W. Montagu.

HENLEY.

Rue was called *herb of Grace*. *Rosemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unless because it was carried at funerals. JOHNSON.

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physick. STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 12. 13. *There is an art, which, in their
piedness, shares*

With great creating nature.] That is, as Mr. T. Warton observes, "There is an art which can produce flowers, with *as great a variety of colours* as nature herself."

This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of some of the old books that treat of cookery, etc. but, being utterly impracticable, is not worth exemplification. STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 25. Then make your garden rich in *gillyflowers*,] There is some further conceit relative to *gillyflowers* than has yet been discovered. The old copy, (in both instances where this word occurs,) reads — *Gillyvors*, a term still used by low people

in Sussex, to denote a harlot. In *A Wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following passage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his mistress as they are going into a garden, and after she has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: „You have fair roses, have you not?“ „Yes, Sir, (says she,) but no *gillyflowers*.” Meaning, perhaps, that she would not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e. wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I suppose *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilly flower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female.

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the same variability in this species of flower:

„— the fond carnation loves to shoot

„Two various colours from one parent root.”

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, some sorts of *gilliflowers* are called *small honesties*, *cuckoo gillofers*, etc. And in *A W's. Commendation of Gascoigne and his Posies*, is the following remark on this species of flower:

„Some thinke that *gilliflowers* do yield a
gelous smell.”

See Gascoigne's Works, 1587. STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 28. The *dibble* is an instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minshew*. STEEVENS.

P. 153. l. 14. 15. — — violets, dim,

But sweeter than *the lids of Juno's eyes*,] I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the goddess of blue eyes. Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd image: but perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general sense, for *delightful*. JOHNSON.

It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of the first reception one of our Kings gave to his new Queen, where he is said to have *kissed her fayre eyes*. So, in an ancient MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, in the possession of Mr. Strutt the engraver:

„O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,
„But let me kisse thine *eyes*, my sweet delight.”
p. 6. b.

The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas.

— — — βοώπις πότνια "Ηρη. *Homer.*

But (as Mr. M. Mason observes) „we are not told that Pallas was the goddess of blue eye-lids; besides, as Shakspeare joins in the comparison, the breath of Cytherea with the eye-lids of Juno, it is evident that he does not allude to the colour, but to the fragrance of violets.” STEEVENS.

P. 153, l. 16—18. — — — *pale primroses,*
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength,] So, in Milton's *Lycidas*:

„— the rathe *primrose* that *forsaken* dies.”

Mr. Warton, in a note on this quotation, asks this, „But why does the Primrose die *unmarried*? Not because it blooms and decays before the appearance of other flowers; as in a state of solitude, and without society. Shakspeare's reason, why it dies *unmarried*, is unintelligible, or rather is such as I do not wish to understand. The true reason is, because it grows in the shade, uncherished or unseen by the sun, who was supposed to be in love with some sorts of flowers.” STEEVENS.

P. 153, l. 19. — *bold oxlips*,] *Gold* is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer; the former editions have *bold*.

JOHNSON.

The *old reading* is certainly the *true one*. The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself *boldly* in the face of the sun. Wallis, in his *Hist. of Northumberland*, says, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. It should be confessed, however, that the colour of the *oxlip* is taken notice of by other writers.

STEEVENS.

P. 154, l. 4—6. — *Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present
deeds,*] That is, your

manner in each act crowns the act. JOHNSON.

P. 154, l. 14. 15. I think, you have

As little skill to fear, as etc.] *To have skill to do a thing* was a phrase then in use equivalent to our *to have a reason to do a thing*. The Oxford editor, ignorant of this, alters it to:

As little skill in fear.

which has no kind of sense in this place.

WARBURTON.

I cannot approve of Warburton's explanation of this passage, or believe that *to have a skill to do a thing*, ever meant, *to have reason to do it*; of which, when he asserted it, he ought to have produced one example at least.

The fears of women, on such occasions, are generally owing to their experience. They fear, as they blush, because they understand. It is to this that Florizel alludes, when he says, that Perdita had *little skill to fear*. M. MASON.

P. 154, l. 19. 20. Per. *I'll swear for 'em.*

Pol. *This is the prettiest low-born lass,*]

fancy this half line is placed to a wrong person. And that the King begins his speech aside:

Pol. *I'll swear for 'em,*

This is the prettiest, etc. JOHNSON.

We should doubtless read thus:

I'll swear for one.

i. e. I will answer or engage for myself. Some alteration is absolutely necessary. This seems the easiest, and the reply will then be perfectly becoming her character. RITSON.

P. 154, l. 24. 25. He tells her something,

That makes her blood look out:] The meaning must be this. The Prince tells her something *that calls the blood up into her cheeks, and makes her blush.* THEOBALD.

P. 154, l. 31. — *we stand upon our manners.* —] That is, we are now on our behaviour. JOHNSON.

P. 155, l. 5. *To have a worthy feeding:]* I conceive *feeding* to be a *pasture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of pasturage not inconsiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON.

P. 155, l. 7. *Sooth* is truth. Obsolete. STEEVENS.

P. 155, l. 12. Who loves *another* best.] Surely we should read — Who loves *the other* best.

M. MASON.

P. 153, l. 30. — *no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves;]* In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men. MALONE.

P. 155, l. 33. — with such delicate burdens of *dildo's*] „With a hie *dildo dill*” is the burthen of the *Bachelors Feast*, an ancient ballad, and is likewise called the *Tune* of it. STEEVENS.

P. 155, l. 33. — and *fadings:*] An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *The Irish Masque at Court.* TYRWHITT.

P. 156, l. 2. *Whoop, do me no harm, good man;* This was the name of an old song. In the famous history of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad *to the tune of, „Oh! do me no harme, good man.* FARMER.

This tune is preserved in a collection intitled „Ayres, to sing and play to the Lute and Basse Violl. with Pauins, Galliards, Almains, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl. By William Corbine:" 1610. fol.

RITSON.

P. 156, l. 7. Has he any *unbraided wares*?] Surely we must read *braided*, for such are all the *wares* mentioned in the answer. JOHNSON.

I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means, has he any thing besides *laces* which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlers. Yes, replies the servant, *he has ribands*, etc. which are things *not braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's question, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly sold by such vagrants; any thing worthy to be presented to his mistress: or, as probably, by enquiring for something which pedlars usually have not, to escape laying out his money at all. STEEVENS.

Unbraided wares may be wares of the best manufacture. *Braid* in Shakspeare's *All's Well*, etc. Act IV. sc. ii. signifies deceitful. *Braided* in Bailey's Dict. means *faded*, or having lost its colour; and why then may not *unbraided* import whatever is undamaged, or what is of the better sort? Several old statutes forbid the importation of ribands, laces, etc. as „falsely and deceitfully wrought." TOLLET.

Probably *unbraided wares* means, „wares *not ornamented with braid.*" M. MASON.

The clown is perhaps inquiring not for something better than common, but for smooth and plain

goods. Has he any plain wares, not twisted into braids? Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all answer to this description. MALONE.

P. 156, l. 9. The *points* that afford Autolycus a subject for this quibble, were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguillettes*, Fr. MALONE.

P. 156, l. 11. *Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worsted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow slight serge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape also. MALONE.

P. 156, l. 14. 15. — he so chants to the *sleeve-hand*, and the work about the square on't.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads — *sleeve-band*. JOHNSON.

The old reading is right, or we must alter some passages in other authors. The word *sleeve-hands* occurs in Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, Vol. IV. p. 323: „A surcoat [of crimson velvet] furred with mynever pure, the collar, skirts, and *sleeve-hands* garnished with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's Dict. „*Poignet de la chemise*." is Englished „the wristband or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt."

TOLLET.

P. 156, l. 28. 29. *Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber, Perfume for a lady's chamber:*] Place only a comma after *amber*. „Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and says that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, some *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *head-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iii. Petruchio mentions *amber-bracelets*, beads," etc.

T. WARTON.

P. 156, l. 32. — *and poking-sticks of steel,*] These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made

use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. They are several times mentioned in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633, second part; and in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619, which has been attributed to Shakspeare. In the books of the Stationers' Company, July 1590, was entered „A ballat entitled Blewe Starche and *Poking-sticks*. Allowed under the hand of the Bishop of London.”

Stowe informs us, that „about the sixteenth yeare of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of Steele *poking-sticks*, and untill that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone.” See Vol. IV. p. 486. STEEVENS.

P. 157, l. 15. *Kiln-hole* is the mouth of the oven. The word is spelt in the old copy *kill-hole*, and I should have supposed it an intentional blunder, but that Mrs. Ford in *The merry Wives of Windsor* desires Falstaff to „creep into the *kiln-hole* ;” and there the same false spelling is found. Mrs. Ford was certainly not intended for a blunderer.

MALONE.

Kiln-hole is the place into which coals are put under a stove, a copper, or a *kiln* in which lime, etc. are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-hole*, or *stoking-hole*, is part of the office of female servants in farm-houses. *Kiln*, at least in England, is not a synonyme to *oven*. STEEVENS.

P. 157, l. 18. *Clamour your tongues*,] The phrase is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. The allusion is humorous.

WARBURTON.

The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not signify in Shakspeare a ceasing, but a continued ringing. Perhaps the meaning is, *Give one*

grand peal, and then have done. „A good *Clam*,“ (as I learn from Mr. Nichols) in some villages is used in this sense, signifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I suspect that Dr. Warbuton's is a mere *gratis dictum*.

In a note on *Othello*, Dr. Johnson says, that „to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the sound.“ If this be so, it affords an easy interpretation of the passage before us. MALONE.

Admitting this to be the sense, the disputed phrase may answer to the modern one of — *ringing a dumb peal*, i. e. with *muffled* bells. STEEVENS.

P. 157, l. 20. *Tawdry lace* is thus described in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henshawe: „*Tawdrie lace*, astrigmenta, timbriae, seu fasciolae, emtae Nundinis Sae. Etheldredae celebratis: Ut rectè monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe.“ Etymol. in voce.

T. WARTON.

So, in *The Life and death of Jack Straw*, a comedy, 1593:

„Will you in faith, and I'll give you a *tawdrie lace*.“

Tom, the miller, offers this present to the Queen, if she will procure his pardon.

It may be worth while to observe, that these *tawdry laces* were not the strings with which the ladies fasten their stays, but were worn about their heads, and their waists. STEEVENS.

P. 157, l. 20. *Sweet*, or perfumed *gloves*, are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale:

„*Cloves as sweet as damask roses*.“

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs

us, that the English could not „make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of cullered silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume*. *Stowe's Annals* by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 368. col. 2.

In the *computus* of the bursars of Trinity college, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs: „*Solut. pro fumigandis chirothecis.*” Gloves makes a constant and considerable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; and without doubt in those of many other societies. They were annually given (a custom still subsisting) to the college tenants, and often presented to guests of distinction. But it appears (at least, from accompts of the said college in preceding years) that the practice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpose was fallen into disuse soon after the reign of Charles the First. T. WARTON.

P. 157, l. 31. I love a ballad in print, *a' life*;] Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed, — *or a life*. The text, however, is right; only it should be printed thus: — *a'-life*. It is the abbreviation, I suppose, of — *at life*; as *a'work* is, of *at work*. TYRWHITT.

This restoration is certainly proper. So, in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606: „Now in good deed I love them *a'-life* too.” STEEVENS.

P. 158, l. 9—13. Here's another ballad, *Of a fish*, etc.] Perhaps in later times prose has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meanest departments; for all dying speeches, confessions, narratives of murders, executions, etc. seem anciently to have been written in verse. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry, or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occasionally bestowed on these compositions,) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus, in a subsequent scene of this play: — „Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that *ballad-makers* cannot be able to express it." STEEVENS.

In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waist upward, seene in the sea." To this it is highly probable that Shakspeare alludes. MALONE.

P. 158, l. 14. *for* — i. e. because. REED.

So, in *Othello*: „Haply, *for* I am black."

MALONE.

P. 159, l. 11. — *sad* —] For *serious*. JOHNSON.

P. 159, l. 25. To *utter*. To *bring out*, or *produce*. JOHNSON.

To *utter* is a legal phrase often made use of in law proceedings and acts of Parliament, and signifies to vend by retail. From many instances I shall select the first which occurs. Stat. 21. Jac. I. c. 3. declares that the provisions therein contained shall not prejudice certain letters patent or commission granted to a corporation „concerning the licensing of the keeping of any tavern or taverns, or selling, *uttering*, or retailing of wines to be drunk or spent in the mansion-house of the party so selling or *uttering* the same." REED.

See Minsheu's Dict. 1617: „An *utterance*, or sale." MALONE.

P. 159, l. 50. *Men of hair*, are *hairy men*, or *satyrs*. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the King and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The King had set himself in the lap of the Dutchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him. JOHNSON.

Melvil's Memoirs, p. 152, edit. 1735, bear additional testimony to the prevalence of this species of mummary.

The following copy of an illumination in a fine Ms. of Froissart's Chronicle preserved in the British Museum, will serve to illustrate Dr. Johnson's note, and to convey some idea, not only of the manner in which these *hairy men* were habited, but also of the rude simplicity of an ancient Ball-room and Masquerade. See the story at large in Froissart, B. IV. chap. lii. edit. 1559. DOUCE.



P. 159, last l. but one. — they call themselves *saltiers*. He means *Satyrs*. Their dress was perhaps made of goat's skin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spanish writer, Lopè de Rueda, „all the furniture and utensils of the actors consisted of four shepherds' jerkins, made of the skins of sheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four pastoral crooks; — little more or less." Probably a similar shepherd's jerkin was used in our author's theatre. MALONE.

P. 159, last l. — *gallimaufry* —] Cockeram, in his *Dictionarie of hard words*, 12mo. 1622, says, a *gallimaufry* is „a confused heape of things together."

STEEVENS.

P. 160, l. 2. *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion, without great exertion of agility. JOHNSON.

The allusion is not to a smooth dance, as Johnson supposes, but to the smoothness of a bowling green.

M. MASON.

P. 160, l. 10. 11. — but jumps twelve foot and a half by the *squire*.] i. e. by the foot-rule: *Esquierre*, Fr. MALONE.

P. 160, l. 17. 18. *O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.*] This is replied by the King in answer to the shepherd's saying, *since these good men are pleased*. WARBURTON.

This dance which has intervened would take up too much time to preserve any connection between the two speeches. The line spoken by the King seems to be in reply to some unexpressed question from the old shepherd. RITSON.

This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance. M. MASON.

P. 160, l. 29. — *straited*] i. e. put to difficulties.

STEEVENS.

P. 162, l. 20. — *dispute* his own estate?] Perhaps for *dispute* we might read *compute*; but *dispute his estate* may be the same with *talk over his affairs*.

JOHNSON.

Does not this allude to the next heir suing for the estate in case of imbecillity, lunacy, etc.?

CHAMIER.

It probably means — „Can he assert and vindicate his right to his own property?“ M. MASON.

P. 163, l. 26. 27. Not hold thee of our blood, no not
our kin,

Far than Deucalion off:] I think for *far than* we should read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even so far off as Deucalion the common ancestor of all. JOHNSON.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the *Glossaries* to Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was softened into *ferre*. TYRWHITT.

P. 164, l. 3. 4. *Per*. Even here undone!

I was not much afeard:] The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the King's discovery of himself had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the King, had not become her education. WARBURTON.

P. 146, l. 8. To *look upon*, without any substantive annexed, is a mode of expression, which, though now unusual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

To *look upon*, in more modern phrase, is to look

on, i. e. to be a mere idle spectator. In this sense it is employed in the two preceding instances.

STEEVENS.

„For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good.” St. Matthew, v. 45. DOUCE.

P. 164, l. 19. You have undone a man of *fourscore three*,] These sentiments, which the poet has heighten'd by a strain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the speaker; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of Perdita; and here supported, by showing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*. WARBURTON.

P. 164, l. 23. 24. — — — and lay me

Where no priest shovels-in dust.] This part of the *priest's* office might be remembered in Shakespeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

That is — in pronouncing the words *earth to earth*, etc. HENLEY.

P. 165, l. 17. Lift up thy looks:] „*Lift up the light of they countenance.*” Psalm, iv. 6.

STEEVENS.

P. 165, l. 21. It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*.

JOHNSON.

P. 167, l. 6—8. *And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)*

Your discontenting father strive to qualify, And bring him up to liking.] And where you may, by letters, intreaties, etc. endeavour to soften your incensed father, and reconcile him to the match; to effect which, my best services shall not be wanting during your absence. Mr. Pope, without either

either authority or necessity, reads — *I'll* strive to qualify; — which has been followed by all the subsequent editors.

Discontenting is in our author's language the same as *discontented*. MALONE.

P. 167, l. 16. 17. *But as the unthought-on accident is guilty*

To what we wildly do;] *Guilty to*, though it sounds harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of the time, or at least of Shakspeare: and this is one of those passages that shou'd caution us not to disturb his text merely because the language appears different from that now in use. MALONE.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. M. MASON.

P. 167, l. 17. 18. — — so we profess

Ourselves to be the slaves of chance,] As *chance* has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to *chance*, to be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

P. 168, l. 7. *Every sitting*, says Mr. Theobald, *methinks, gives but a very poor idea*. But a poor idea is better than none; which it comes to, when he has alter'd it to *every fitting*. The truth is, the common reading is very expressive; and means, at every audience you shall have of the King and council. The council-days being, in our author's time, called, in common speech, *the sittings*.

WARBURTON.

Howel, in one of his letters, says: „My lord president hopes to be at the next *sitting* in York.”

FARMER.

P. 168, l. 26. *To take in* anciently meant to conquer, to get the better of.

Mr. Henley, however, supposes that to *take in*,
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in the present instance, is simply to *include* or *comprehend*. STEEVENS.

P. 169, l. 21. A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. In a tract, intituled, *Certain necessary Directions, as well for curing the Plague, as for preventing infection*, printed 1636, there are directions for making two sorts of *pomanders*, one for the rich, and another for the poor. GREY.

P. 169, l. 25. — *as if my trinkets had been hallowed,*] This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick. JOHNSON.

P. 169, l. 53. — that all their other senses *stuck in ears*:] Read — „stuck in *their* ears.” M. MASON.

P. 169, l. 53. *Placket* is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. It is here figuratively used, as perhaps in *King Lear's*: „Keep thy hand out of *plackets*.” STEEVENS.

P. 170, l. 33. *Some boot*, is *something over and above*, or, as we now say, *something to boot*. JOHNSON.

P. 171, l. 2. — the gentleman is half *flay'd* already. I suppose Camillo means to say no more, than that Florizel is half *stripped* already. MALONE.

P. 173, l. 17. — *pedler's excrement*, is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

P. 173, l. 23. — of what *having*,] i. e. estate, property. STEEVENS.

P. 173, l. 27—29. — *but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.*] The meaning is, they are paid for lying, therefore they do not give us the lie, they *sell* it us. JOHNSON.

P. 173, l. 51. — *with the manner.*] In the fact.

STEEVENS.

P. 173, last l. but one. — *hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court?*] i. e. the stately tread of courtiers. MALONE.

P. 174, l. 2. — *for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business,*] To *teaze*, or *toze*, is to disentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraseology which he supposes to be intelligible to the Clown, who would not have understood the word *insinuate*, without such a comment on it. STEEVENS.

To *insinuate*, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condescension and humility. To *touse*, says Minshieu, is, to *pull*, to *tug*. MALONE.

To *insinuate*, and to *tease*, or *toaze*, are opposites. The former signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get something out that was knotted up in it. Milton has used each word in its proper sense. *Par. Lost.* B. IV. l. 347. and *Comus*, l. 749. HENLEY.

P. 174, l. 10. *Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant,*] As he was a suitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*. STEEVENS.

P. 147, l. 22. 23. — *a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.*] It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. JOHNSON.

P. 175, l. 20. — *then 'nointed over with honey, etc.*] A punishment of this sort is recorded in a book which Shakspeare might have seen: — „he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in the sunne: and, after annointing the pore Prince over with hony, forced him naked to enter into it, where hee long time endured the greatest languor and torment in the worlde, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on hym;

and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life." *The Stage of popish Toyes*, 1581, p. 33. REED.

P. 175, l. 24. — *in the hottest day prognostication, proclaims,*] That is, *the hottest day foretold in the almanack.* JOHNSON.

Almanacks were in Shakspeare's time published under this title. „An Almanack and Prognostication made for the year of our Lord God, 1595." MALONE.

P. 175, l. 13. — *being something gently considered,*] Means *I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me, i. e. a bribe, will bring you, etc.* STEEVENS.

P. 178, first l. *Or, from the all that are, took something good,*] This is a favourite thought; it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind before. JOHNSON.

P. 178, l. 23. — *the former Queen is well?*] i. e. at rest; dead. MALONE.

This phrase seems to have been adopted from Scripture. See 2 Kings, iv. 26. HENLEY.

P. 179, l. 24. *She had just cause.*] The first and second folio read — *she had just such cause.* REED.

We should certainly read, „*she had just cause.*" The insertion of the word *such*, hurts both the sense and the metre. M. MASON.

There is nothing to which the word *such* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inserted by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word, which confirms the observation. MALONE.

P. 179, l. 25. — *and would incense me*] i. e. instigate, set me on. STEEVENS.

P. 179, l. 31. *Should rift —*] i. e. split.

STEEVENS.

P. 180, l. 9. *To affront, is to meet.* JOHNSON.

P. 181, l. 7. 8. — — so must *thy grave*

Give way to what's seen now.] *Thy grave* here means — thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the continent for the contents. EDWARDS.

P. 181, l. 9. — and writ *so*,] The reader must observe, that *so* relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that *she had not been — equall'd.*

JOHNSON.

P. 181, l. 9. 10. — — (but your writing now

Is colder than that *theme*,)] i. e. than the lifeless body of Hermione, the *theme* or *subject* of your writing. MALONE.

P. 183, l. 11—13. — — from him, whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd *his*, parting with her:] This is very ungrammatical and obscure. We may better read:

— — *whose daughter*

His tears proclaim'd her parting with her.

The Prince first tells that the lady came from *Lybia*; the King, interrupting him, says, *from Smalus?* from him, says the Prince, *whose tears, at parting, showed her to be his daughter.*

JOHNSON.

The obscurity arises from want of proper punctuation. By placing a *comma* after *his*, I think the sense is clear'd. STEEVENS.

P. 183, l. 25. *A graceful gentleman;*] i. e. full of grace and virtue. M. MASON.

P. 184, l. 23. — these poor men *in question*,] i. e. in conversation. STEEVENS.

P. 184, l. 34. *The odds for high and low's alike.]* A quibble upon the false dice so called. DOUCE.

P. 185, l. 7. 8. — — and as sorry,

Your choice is not so rich in *worth* as beauty,] *Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The King means that he is sorry the Prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty. JOHNSON.

Our author often uses *worth* for *wealth*; which may also, together with high birth, be here in contemplation. MALONE.

P. 185, l. 14. 15. *Remember since you ow'd no more
to time*

Than I do now:] Recollect the period when you were of my age. MALONE.

P. 186, l. 22. — if the *importance* were joy, or sorrow;] *Importance* here means, the thing *imported*. M. MASON.

P. 187, l. 11. — the *affection* of nobleness,] *Affection* here perhaps means *disposition* or *quality*.

MALONE.

P. 187, l. 19. — *so, and in such manner,*] Our author seems to have picked up this little piece of tautology in his clerkship. It is the technical language of conveyancers. RITSON.

P. 187, l. 24. — not by *favour.*] i. e. countenance, features. STEEVENS.

P. 187, l. 29. — with *clipping her:]* i. e. embracing her. STEEVENS.

P. 187, l. 31. — like a *weather-bitten conduit* —] Conduits, representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts. HINLEY.

P. 188, l. 32. *Who was most marble there, changed colour;*] i. e. most petrified with wonder.

STEEVENS.

It means those who had the hardest hearts. It

would not be extraordinary that those persons should change colour who were petrified with wonder, thought it was, that hardened hearts should be moved by a scene of tenderness. M. MASON.

P. 189, l. 4. 5. — perform'd by that rare Italian master, *Julio Romano*: who, had he himself *eternity*, etc.] This excellent artist was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546. Fine and generous, as this tribute of praise must be owned, yet it was a strange absurdity, sure, to thrust it into a tale, the action of which is supposed within the period of heathenism, and whilst the oracles of Apollo were consulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachronism. THEOBALD.

By *eternity* Shakspeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; so we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may subsist without *divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature.

JOHNSON.

I wish we could understand this passage, as if *Julio Romano* had only painted the statue carved by another. Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the fashion of colouring even regal statues for the stronger expression of affection, which he takes leave to call an English barbarism. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unless the supposed statue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddiness upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily seem to bear blood*, as the poet expresses it afterwards. TOLLET.

Our author expressly says, in a subsequent passage, that it was painted; and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano.

MALONE.

Sir H. Wotton could not possibly know what has been lately proved by Sir William Hamilton in the MS. accounts which accompany several valuable drawings of the discoveries made at *Pompeii*, and presented by him to our Antiquary Society, viz. that it was usual to colour statues among the ancients. In the chapel of Isis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddess had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has since informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the ancients, observes from Pausanias, and Herodotus, that sometimes the statues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures. STEEVENS.

P. 189, l. 6. — would beguile nature of *her custom*,] That is, of *her trade*, — would draw her customers from her. JOHNSON.

P. 189, l. 17—21. It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two Kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. JOHNSON.

P. 191, l. 5. *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. JOHNSON.

P. 191, l. 9. *Tall*, in that time, was the word used for *stout*. JOHNSON.

A tall fellow of thy hands means, a stout fellow of your size. We measure horses by hands, which contain four inches, and from thence the phrase is taken. M. MASON.

I think, in old books it generally means *a strong stout fellow*. MALONE.

P. 191, l. 20. — *we'll be thy good masters.*] The Clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good master* to him. Many letters written at this period run in this style.

Thus Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing: „Furthermore, I beseeche you to be *gode master* unto one in my necessities, for I have neither shirt, nor sute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for me to wear.” WHALLEY.

P. 192, l. 14. 15. — therefore I keep it

Lonely, apart:] The old copy — *lovely*.

STEEVENS.

Lovely, i. e. charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderness. The Oxford editor reads:

Lonely, apart: —

As if it could be *apart* without being *alone*.

WARBURTON.

I am yet inclined to *lonely*, which in the old angular writing cannot be distinguished from *lovely*. To say, that *I keep it alone separate from the rest*, is a pleonasm which scarcely any nicety declines. JOHNSON.

P. 193, l. 15. *O, patience;*] That is, *Stay a while, be not so eager*. JOHNSON.

P. 193, l. 29. — *wrought* — i. e. worked, agitated.

STEEVENS.

P. 193, l. 29. 30. — (for the stone is mine,)

I'd not have show'd it.] I do not know whether we should not read, without a parenthesis:

— for the stone i'th' mine
I'd not have shew'd it.

A *mine* of stone, or *marble*, would not perhaps at present be esteemed an accurate expression, but it may still have been used by Shakspeare, as it has been used by Holinshed. *Descript. of Engl.* c. ix. p. 235: „Now if you have regard to their or-
nature, how many mines of sundrie kinds of coarse and fine marble are there to be had in England?"

— And a little lower he uses the same word again for a quarry of stone, or plaister: „*And such is the mine of it, that the stones thereof lie in flakes*, etc. TYRWHITT.

To change an accurate expression for an expression confessedly not accurate, has somewhat of retrogradation. JOHNSON.

P. 194, first l. *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already —]*

z The sentence compleated is,

— *but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.*

But there his passion made him break off.

WARBURTON.

P. 194, l. 8. *The fixture of her eye has motion in't,*] The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a statue always is,] yet it seems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living person, how much soever one endeavour to fix it. EDWARDS.

P. 194, l. 9. *As we are mock'd with art.*] *As* is used by our author here, as in some other places, for „as if.” MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Malone, very properly observe that *as*, in this instance is used, as in some other places, for *as if*. The former of these gen-

lemen would read *were* instead of *are*, but unnecessarily, I think, considering the loose grammar of Shakspear's age. — *With*, however, has the force of *by*. A passage parallel to that before us, occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra* — „And mock our eyes *with* air.” STERVENs.

P. 196, l. 10. *And from your sacred vials pour
your graces*

Upon etc.] The expression seems to have been taken from the sacred writings: „And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the angels, go your ways, and *pour out the vials* of the wrath of God upon the earth.” — Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE.

P. 196, l. 20—2^r. — — — *Go together,*

You precious winners all; etc. etc.] You who by this discovery have *gained* what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part.

JOHNSON.

P. 196, l. 21. 22. — — — your exultation

Partake to every one.] *Partake* here means *participate*. It is used in the same sense in the old play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. MALONE.

It is also thus employed by Spenser:

„My friend, hight Philemon, I did *partake*
„Of all my love, and all my privity.”

STEEVENs.

P. 196, two last l. — — Come, Camillo,

And take her by the hand; *whose* worth, etc.]

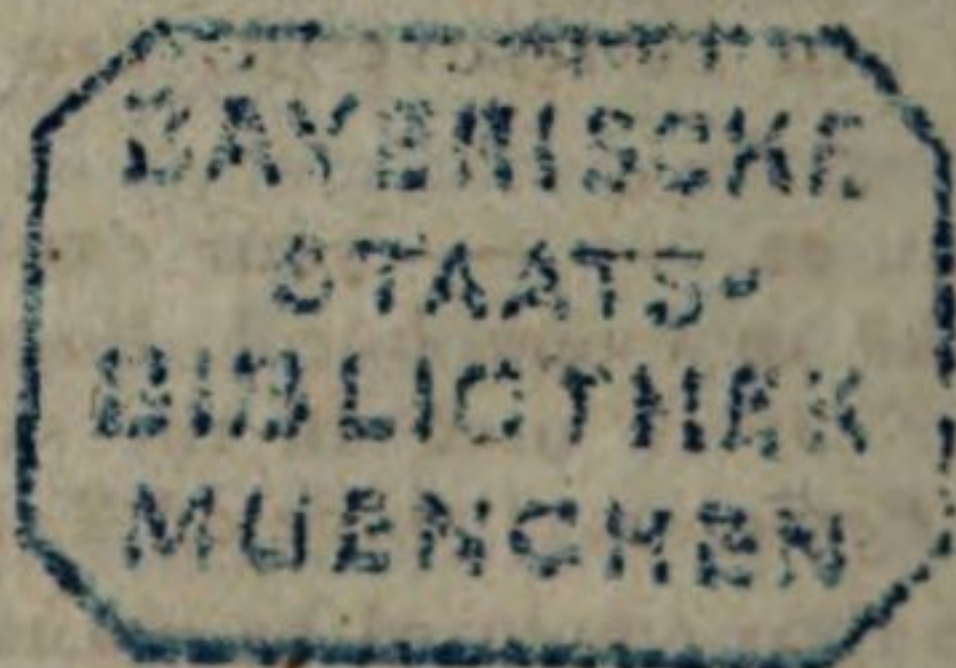
The word *whose*, evidently refers to *Camillo*, though *Paulina* is the immediate antecedent.

M. MASON.

248 NOTES TO THE WINTER'S TALE.

This play, as Dr. Warbuton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.



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